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A FEW SIMPLE RHYMES

THREE ESSAYS

ON THE

STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE

An Historical Address &c.

CHARLES McGUFFEY

1. American literature — Misc.

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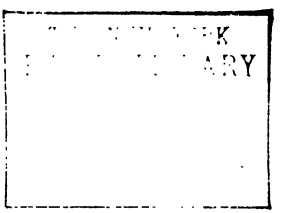
McGregor



A FEW SIMPLE RHYMES

—AND—

THREE ESSAYS

—ON THE—

STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY CHARLES McGREGOR.

NASHUA, N. H.:
GAZETTE PRESS COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1895.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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These rhymes will show how I have been occupied during some of my leisure hours, and the essays comprise my maturer thoughts on the matters therein treated of. They explain many of the mysteries of Nature and among others, offer the only plausible theory of the phenomenon of electricity.

THE PLANET MARS.

Thou sister world, red planet Mars,
How sweet you shine among the stars,
So distant in the deep blue skies,
Where nature's chiefest glories rise—
Your mellow light and nightly gleam
Reflected in our pool and stream;
Thy world, like ours, I'm pleased to know
Is capped with everlasting snow,
And that eternal ice lies there
Which partly melts in summer air,
From which bright streams and rivers flow,
As in the earth so far below;
And there are lands and sparkling seas,
And grass and flowers and forest trees
Whose foliage, by thy ruddy sheen,
It seems is red instead of green—
The azure sky o'er arching all,
From which the rains of summer fall:—
The beauties all that bless our earth
In thy fair realm have also birth,
And sure I am, in that pure star,
Intelligent creatures live afar—
Beings of lighter frame than we,
With wings like angels, it may be,
Who on bright pinions mount and fly
Like eagles in the morning sky—
Beings whose souls, from that fair clime,
Look forth on nature's work sublime,

WUR 19 FEB'36

And peering into realms below
Behold their sister planet's glow,
While thoughts profound within them rise
Deep as the night and tranquil skies;
O planet Mars, I'm glad to know
Thy orb is crowned with spotless snow,
And is so like our world below.

THE SUMMER BIRDS OF LONDONDERRY.

JUNE, 1885.

O sadly woke sweet memory's train,
When lately sang the summer bird,
Whose voice with such a gladsome strain,
In childhood's days I often heard;

And now it seems the same birds sing
As in those times so long gone by,
And make the shady woodlands ring
With pensive lay and piping cry.

I had well nigh forgot their tune,
So long I've wandered from their haunts,
Until returned this sunny June,
They now renew to me their chants.

And sing to me the same old song
They sang in childhood's vanished day,
And their melodious notes prolong
To wake the old familiar lay.

O pleased was I to hear again
  That song, long dormant in my mind,
Proceeding from the shady glen,
  Sweet voices of the olden time.

The song they sing is all their own
  And differs from the birds that sing
Of any other land or zone
  At this sweet season of the spring.

And when they sing to me the lay
  That used to greet my childhood's ears,
A thousand memories wing their way
  Adown the vista of the years.

Like as a river flows along,
  Replenished ever at its source,
Successive birds repeat the song
  Throughout a never-ending course.

And now, though all are dead and gone
  That in those times I used to know,
The summer birds sing sweetly on
  As summer seasons come and go.

THE PATH IN THE WOODS.

Beneath the lofty sombre pines
The path ran deep into the wood
Where, decked with moss and creeping vines,
Their hoary trunks embattled stood.

How often in the summer day
Among those grand old forest trees
In childhood's morn, I used to stray
Where all was silent but the bees.

And where the flowers, so bright and low,
That were so marvelous to my eye,
Still sweetly come and softly go
Like doves that to our windows fly.

My mother often sought that path
And led me by my little hand,
In those bright years, so long now passed,
That all seems like a distant land.

Always, in early Summer-time,
When fresh the leaves and flowers came
With blossoms of the crimson thyme
Those leafy shades were all aflame;

And therein dwelt the whippoorwill
Whose nightly song I often heard,
When in the dewey evening still,
Sang forth that strange nocturnal bird.

And in the sultry Summer noons,
  Those peopled woods forever rung
With all the sweet and blithesome tunes,
  The Summer birds so gladly sung.

And in the dewey Autumn eves
  Beneath the golden harvest moon,
From that deep solitude of leaves,
  I heard the winneying of the coon.

Then many creatures sallied forth,
  All strangers to the light of day,
Deep piping in that darksome growth,
  And sang a sad and mournful lay.

In winter-time, when snows lay deep,
  I wondered where these creatures went
Through Nature's long and muffled sleep,
  When storms the tossing branches rent,

And when the trees that chafed and clashed
  Down in the frozen, icy swamp,
Loud in the night winds groaned and crashed,
  As if a race of giants fought.

I since have learned, the birds fly South,
  And then return with coming Spring,
When free the meadow brook leaps forth,
  And all the woods with gladness ring;

And silent birds from Northern climes,
  When all our summer birds were gone,
Came down and lived among those pines,
  Until the Spring again come on.

But those poor tenants of the wold,
Who could not to the tropics go,
Remained through all the Winter's cold—
I saw their tracks upon the snow.

And oft my childhood's rest was lost
When I bewept their bitter lot,
Out in the winter night and frost,
While I was warm within my cot.

But where those timid creatures fled,
That I heard singing in the wood
As down that path my footsteps led,
I never fully understood.

As I their shady haunts drew near,
Their songs and gambols they forsook;
Went scampering from the scene in fear,
And to their secret lairs betook;

And all was silent in the wood,
So still among those hoary trees;
I could hear nothing where I stood,
Except the humming of the bees.

How deep in memory has been placed
Those early dear old sights and sounds;
So firmly on her tablets traced,
They live in all my daily rounds.

Now when those scenes I turn to view,
All those bright years afar have fled;
The trees are gone, and mother too,
And all I cherished there are dead.

THE FLOWERS.

O lowly and pure are the flowers of earth,
That follow bright seasons wherever they tread;
They of the Spring that so early burst forth,
And those in the Summer that rise from their bed;

And those of the Autumn more fair than the night,
The spell of whose presence is bright as the day,
They trip o'er the fields like an angel of light,
So sweet are their faces, so fleeting their stay.

All times have admired their beauty and fragrance—
Been saddened and gladdened by emotions they raise—
Emotions too tender for words to give utterance,
Like sorrows commingled with joy of bright days.

O flowers so pure and so sweet beyond measure,
Grow wild in the woodland, by brook and by lake,
That they give more of pain than of pleasure,
So wondrously deft and divine is their make.

Like sorrows and griefs that are pleasure and duty,
As those when we cherish the thoughts of our dead,
Or those that induce us to dream of some beauty,
Whom we know from our bosom forever is fled.

O such are the joys the wind-flowers awaken,
And daisies and lilies that come in the Spring,
When they to the fields like an army have taken,
And Summer is rife with the blessings they bring;

And nothing that's earthly is pure as high heaven,
  But flowers, so varied, so wondrous and bright,
So sweet and so holy, so modest and lowly,
  Though pilgrims of earth they are children of light;

And creatures possessed of their chasteness and sweetness,
  Excel in their pureness the ice and the snow,
With faces as bright as the faces of angels,
  And breath like the air where the hyacinths grow;

For plainly I see in the faces of men,
  Peer out at the eyes, the deep spirit within,
And stamping its beauty and nature on them,
  This frame and the soul are so closely akin;

And they to whom flowers bring sadness and pleasure—
  Bring pleasure and pain that they live and they die,
Resemble in spirit, their deep hidden treasure,
  So wondrously woven of light from the sky.

THE SEPTEMBER CRICKETS.

September now in regal dyes,
Upon the fading landscape lies,
And with her blue and golden flowers
Illumes the Summer's closing hours.
The crickets chirrup in the grass,
And sadly mark how life doth pass;
For at this season of the year,
Their annual voice I always hear,
So sweetly singing by my path,
In Autumn's dewey aftermath.
In childhood's May, I heard their tune,
And now in lifetime's sunny June,
It wakes a sadness in my breast –
Can never fully be expressed.
Reminded by their annual song,
Of how the years have sped along,
Sad memories troop about my room,
Like angels round Macpela's tomb;
And thoughts of those long gone before,
I used to meet in days of yore,
And they who in the early years
Shared all my joys and all my tears.
And children, now to manhood grown,
With locks besprinkled like mine own,
While those who then to manhood wore,
Have passed beyond that silent shore,
From whence no voices ever sweep,
To break their long eternal sleep.

And now, with half life's journey run,
Its battles fought and victories won,
How still it seems, at close of day,
To sit alone and look away
Adown the vista of one's life,
Through all its toil and all its strife,
And peer into that distant land
Where morning skies light up the strand.
Yes, still they come, in life's high noon,
And sing to me the same old tune,
When woods are still and birds have flown
Unto some vernal Southern zone,
Or else have ceased their song of cheer
Upon the waning of the year;
And when the flowers of blue and gold,
Deck all the world with joys untold,
As though some goddess in the fall,
To bless this season most of all,
Lay more of glories on the day,
Than those that filled the lap of May,
As we place flowers o'er the head
Of all our dear and lonely dead.
O sad it is the year should die,
When all its glories soar so high,
Like human lives which are cut down,
Just as they reach the vantage ground.
But so it is, the Summer's dead,
With her bright bounties round her spread;
And Autumn lies with all his spoil,
Like slain Goliath on the soil,
With mailed arm and brazen shield,
Among his sheaves upon the field,
And their sad requiem still is sung,
As when life's day was bright and young.

But can it be that child is me,
Now vanished far like ships at sea,
To some dim offing of the past,
And flying still so far and fast?
The days that then moved slowly by
Now swift as weaver's shuttles fly;
But then as now, when sunk the west,
The night seemed strangely sad and blest,
As Summer in her glory fell,
And crickets rung her dying knell,
So sweetly singing on the hearth,
And in the dewey aftermath.

DECEMBER 13, 1886.

My 44th birthday;
A gloomy winter day.

When come the winter snows,
Our hearts grow chill and drear,
As is the dying close
Of the departing year,
And then we miss the friend
Who journeyed on before,
And scan the coming end
Of this receding shore:
O death hath broke the link
Of friendship's golden chain,
And now 'tis woe to think
We ne'er can meet again.
And stoutest hearts do bend,
To weep beside the bier
Of the departed friend
Whom they in life held dear—
Those hearts that courage keep
Whatever storms may blow,
Such hearts as scorn to weep,
Except for other's woe,
Bend as the cypress wave,
Beneath their load of snow,
Beside the lonely grave
Where all shall lie so low;

But sweet it is to tell,
  Our friends still linger near,
And cast a loving spell
  Round those they cherished here;
O 'tis no idle dream,
  Their spirits hover round,
I see their pinions gleam,
  All earth is hallowed ground,
And in the morning air,
  And in the evening, too,
Attend me everywhere,
  Whate'er I think or do,
And form a bright array
  Of guardian angels free,
That throng around my way,
  To bless and cherish me—
Spirits that love me so,—
  Congenial to my heart,
They go where'er I go,
  And from me never part;
So when our friends take flight,
  For the celestial shore,
They still with hearts unite,
  Whom they have loved of yore.

LONDONDERRY, MAY 1, 1886.

O some there be by fortune blest,
  Who travel far and wide,
O'er land and sea in endless quest,
  To seek a fairer tide.

By Albemarle and Pamlico,
  They walk the golden sands,
And o'er the boundless ocean go
  To roam in tropic lands;

And I have trod a distant shore,
  And dreamt by fair Swanee,
So sweetly sung by hearts of yore,
  With charms so dear to me.

Those charms that rest on foreign lands,
  And wrap the misty sea,
Where flowers are plucked by stranger hands,
  And birds fly wild and free.

But naught I've seen in all the earth,
  So sweet as childhood's hills,
In that dear land where I had birth,
  Its woods and lapsing rills.

There, days they seemed more fair and bright,
  And clouds that sailed on high,
And so did erst the stilly night,
  And stars that lit the sky.

O childhood's home so dear and sweet,
To every loyal breast;
At last may my returning feet
Find there, their final rest.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

How, brave Aurora, must thy light
Resplendent shine in Arctic night,
With glories on the ice and snow,
That milder climates cannot know.

Around the North's imperial star
Extends thy magic ring so far,
That oft its arc is seen to rise
Into the zenith of our skies.

In that dark zone thy flames suffice,
To wake the crystals of the ice,
Like countless gems forever set,
And sparkling in earth's coronet.

The wonders of the night subtend
The regions where thy flames ascend,
And arch with her celestial dome
The mighty deserts of thy home.

And there no eyes are lifted high,
To see thy banners in the sky—
To thee now to thy central star,
With soul to question what they are.

But in thy light, the sea lion's roar,
Echoes along the lonely shore,
And loud resounds the iceberg's birth—
Sublime artillery of the North.

How freely sport strange creatures there,
Companions of the polar bear,
And all the teeming arctic life
With which the sea and shore are rife.

I think of that great epoch's reign,
When ice shall spread all earth amain,
And man shall slowly give his place
To some superior coming race.

And when that epoch shall enrobe,
With endless ice the massive globe,
Then shall those sportive creatures there
To our more genial zones repair,

And leave the kingdom of thy light,
One cold unbroken lifeless night,
While they press slowly south apace,
In Nature's wild mysterious chase.

When swept away, that icy day,
The minds that now thy light survey,
What lofty creature's eye upright,
Shall gaze in wonder on thy light?

The mermaid of thy restless seas,
Supplanting man on southern leas,
May then with wakened soul and mind,
All Nature's hidden beauties find;

For in her deep and lustrous eye,
A rising soul methinks I spy,
Which in the mighty future's span
May far surpass the mind of man.

And who now never raise that eye
To look into the starry sky,
Awakened then shall gaze on night,
And muse on Algol's wondrous light.

But is it gain to have a soul
That strives to reach thy glowing pole ?
And watches thy imperial star,
And wonders what life's mysteries are?

THE BROWNIES VISIT HOLLIS

The Brownies now their pilgrimage
Have made in every zone and age—
Have climbed the mountain, sought the shore,
And scanned all places o'er and o'er,
Where'er our human race do go
To seek for health or make a show;
And now all lands beneath the sun,
Explored and conquered one by one,
They were much troubled what to do
Or where to seek for something new:
Then burst it on their anxious brain,
That Hollis ne'er had seen their train—
Her verdant fields and fruitful land,
And ocean breaking on the strand:
And took it, much they did amiss,
That they o'er looked a land like this—
A land so famed in song and story,
For works of peace and deeds of glory—
Then cried they all with one great voice
It is our last and only choice:
They wondered when they gave this shout,
This wondrous land they had left out,
With fields all fresh as morning's dew,
Which should have been their first to view,
But now was left the last of all,
To which they'd make their friendly call:
They toss their hats and dance about,
And cheer and cheer, and shout and shout,

So pleased they were, as it would seem,
To enter on this merry scheme.
They for conveyance dash away,
And charter team and barge and dray,
To take them o'er the hills of green
Unto this happy land and scene;
And often bustling to and fro,
At length already off they go
With dozens of their little folks
A riding on the horses' yokes,
And on their backs and in the coach,
And everywhere one could approach—
And scores upon the top did ride,
And danced about from side to side;
And gaily as they rode along,
Beguiled the way with joke and song,
Until they reached the good old town,
From its high station looking down,
For all like Zion bright and still,
This town is built upon a hill.
But this is not the place they sought,
As well I see you may have thought,
For 'tis not city now or town,
That makes them bring the echoes down,
For towns they've seen, and cities too,
Till they are tired of the view:
Enough of them they've seen before,
And now 'tis Hollis ocean shore,
So celebrate in days of yore,
That they are eager to explore.
But on the way as on they go,
They turned aside a mile or so,
And thus a modest detour made,
To see this town of classic shade;

And when bright scenes in wonder rise
On every hand to greet their eyes:
Not all they'd seen in London town,
Or Rome, or Hudson, up and down,
Was half so wondrous to behold,
As Hollis in this age of gold;
And too it was a gala day,
As many people there did say,
And all arrayed were in their best,
As though it was the day of rest.
And when our Brownies reached the square,
They stayed their panting horses there,
While these good people raised on high,
A banner in the gladsome sky—
A banner that these people love,
And cherish next to heaven above:
It thrilled the heart and raised the pride
Of men and Brownies far and wide,
To learn that Hollis loved so well
The flag for which our fathers fell;
And so the Brownies cheer again,
And join in all with might and main.
That the occasion should be gay
And happy as the August day:
They climbed the staff into mid-air,
And all the church spires towering there,
And having seen things all well done,
And had their usual round of fun,
They start again to reach the shore,
As was their purpose heretofore.
Now to this town upon the hill,
The way rose up and upward still;
But from this point by quick descent,
Through verdant scenes the roadway went,

And steeds now rested by their stay,
The while the flag rose by the way,
They now dashed on the downard road,
As though old Jehu held the goad,
And soon they reach the journey's end,
Where lapsing waters sweet descend;
And here there rose the wave beside
A paradise both deep and wide—
A pleasant wood as e'er was seen,
And dressed in Summer's living green;
And where gay people thronged around,
What we must think on hallowed ground;
For nations here have lived and died
Beside the sweet and silver tide,
Whom mortals hear and see no more,
For they have fled this earthly shore,
And only spirits now abide,
Where, when in life they did reside.
Such spirits as these Brownies hear,
And mortals too had held in fear,
But come to greet them in this place,
And with them discourse face to face.
They found them all so kind and free,
The sweetest things they e'er did see,
And different far in every sort,
From what they'd pictured in the thought;
And 'tis a fault of mortals, too,
Thus false to judge of strangers true;
And grieved the Brownies did and long,
That e'en in thought they'd done the wrong;
But now to make them all amends,
They soon were all the best of friends,
And hundreds here upon this shore
Did greet the creatures o'er and o'er,

With pleasure and with profit too,
Such as those Brownies never knew;
And as it fell, it was a day
Some mortals here had come to play,
And they were all upon the green,
Beside these myriad forms unseen:
O if those men could ope their eyes,
They sure would stare with much surprise
To see such kindly creatures round
In all the trees and on the ground;
But such is man, he cannot tell
But half the blessings round him dwell.
So all as busy as the bees,
They flit about the grass and trees,
And on the shore and in the air,
In countless numbers everywhere;
Each with a jewel in his breast,
Like stars of evening pure and blest,
And thus bright spirits watch all men,
And all their follies fully ken;
But now the Brownies' time had come,
That they should hie them to their home,
And so they took their humble way,
Resolved to come some other day,
And here renew the friendships made
Within this deep and hallowed shade.

AUG., 1894.

ROBERT DINSMORE, "THE RUSTIC BARD" OF LONDONDERRY.

1

"The Rustic Bard," such is the name
By which he's handed down to fame;
A name self-chosen to set forth
His modest view of his own worth:
And now long dead this distant year,
His book lies open to me here
In which he tunes the rustic lyre,
And by its wild promethian fire,
To which old time a charm has lent,
Deep through my frame a thrill is sent,
Inspiring fancy to take wing,
And his old fame in numbers sing.

2

A rustic bard, but knowing well
All that the wisest sage could tell
Of why we pass adown the years
Through hopes and fears and joys and tears—
Why years proceed from out the past—
Glide o'er our heads so still and fast—
Yes, knowing all that wisest men
Can know of why and whence and when,
In which abstractions all are lost
And catch no more than sparks at most.

3

Not trying to scale the heavens above,
He lingered with those scenes of love—
The dear old hills and fruitful skies
That opened on his childhood's eyes—
His ear close down to mother earth,
From whence his genius had her birth,
He listened close, and there he heard
The mystic sermon and the word.
In flying seasons of the year,
Which duller mortals never hear,
And put them in the simple shime
Now handed down to after time.

4

O this the man of simple lay,
With Scottish tongue and rustic way—
A sturdy frame with sinewey arm,
In which a soul so still and calm,
Looked out the windows of his eyes
On fruitful fields and harvest skies;
And dreampt of things in cloud and stream
Which duller mortals never dream—
In field and wood and neighboring hill
From which came down the lapsing rill,
Along whose shores in childhood's day,
He led his youthful sports to play,
And which again in later years
He sadly viewed through ages' tears.

5

A man he was whose prophet eye
Watched as the stream went lapsing by,

And saw reflected in its flood
The face of Heaven and hand of God,
And heard within its murmuring streams,
The music of unuttered dreams;
And now, the stream still fresh and young,
Flows on as when his songs were sung,
And the grey stones upon the shore
Are all unchanged as then of yore;
And while the mound that marks his dust
Is sunken low in mold and rust—
A man who ceaseless in his day
Unto his father's God did pray,
But not depending on his prayer,
With sunburnt arm in harvest bare,
The scythe and sickle he could wield
And lead the mowers round the field;
And bursting barns and sheaves proved well
How God helps him who helps "himsel."

6

And then he loved the social joys
Where he and all were always boys;
They merry made when harvest done,
When in the south declined the sun,
And chose a day from out the rest
For special praise and thankfulness;
And thereupon both great and small
Went ranting through the festive hall,
Old "Skip" himself so "fain to see 'em,"
That he for joy oft "barket" with 'em;
Then was their hearty meal set forth,
And eaten high in joy and mirth,

And mugs of cider passed around;
For well they thought in nature's bound,
That all that God had ever made
Was for their good and use assayed—
Not for abuse but for some use;
And so they threw the bridle loose,
And at the closing of the year,
Essayed such hearty old time cheer
As now our modern weaker days
Would much astonish and amaze;
To their strong natures it seemed good
That stronger drink should grace the food,
Of which the wise took just enough
To keep them "weel" and hale and tough,
Not making gluttons of themselves,
And sinking man to beastly elves;
Though "whiles" no doubt some took a "droppit"
Was "ane" too much for health or pocket;
And sometimes sought which one was able
To leave the rest beneath the table;
I ne'er will call in fault their ways
In these degenerate after days;
And sure I am if they were wrong,
I wouldn't reproach them in my song,
But glad to learn that they were human—
They seem more kin to me and you man.
So here's all honor to those braves
Who now lie sleeping in their graves—
From whom we drew a virtue true,
As they from ancient Normans drew—
They who could strike in war a blow,
From which recoiled the stoutest foe;
And who in peace by honest toil
Made conquest of the stubborn soil.

7

In quiet winter evening blest,
When day sank in the golden west,
Or when wild storms rose fierce and high,
And swept with polar wrath the sky,
Or when sometimes late in the fall,
The winds did round the chimneys call
With such a sad and solemn tone,
Like voices of a wailing gnome;
And when the fire upon the hearth
Made home the cheeriest place on earth,
And shed its light and comfort round,
I fancy then his mood be found;
And sitting by the glowing fire,
He tuned his humble rustic lyre
And penned for us those simple rhymes
Now handed down to after times;
And veins of humor through them run
That indicate old pranks and fun,
And hints that coy and deftly look
Toward things not written in his book;
And quaint, old thoughts between the lines
Wherein one's fancy freely shines;
He sings of joys of those old years,
As well as sorrows and of tears,
Now generations passed away
Since he sent forth his simple lay;
And millions all, their hopes and fears
Have glided down the flying years,
Maturing on life's harvest plain,
Bowed their grey heads like whitening grain,
When I by chance in some old nook
Waylaid the volume of his book—

Pore o'er its pages one by one
In the slant rays of winter sun,
Become acquainted with his fame,
And kindle with rapture at his flame.

9

So one may live in deeds he's done,
And though long dead, still shine his sun,
And mount on lofty ether high,
The glorious zenith of the sky;
And one might rhyme forever and aye,
Inspired by his rustic lay,
But earthly days so swiftly run,
Our work must end when just begun,
Like human lives which are cut down,
Just as they reach the vantage ground,
For all good souls in passing here,
Do but begin a great career,
To finish in that world unknown,
Where all shall reap as they have sown.

10

But this his lines do all declare
That all men's lives are lives of prayer,
Though all unspoken or said in part,
The deep emotions of the heart—
The deep desires that in us reign,
To meet on heaven's golden plain,
Therein to live and sing for aye,
The songs begun in life's short day.

11

And oft we hear an angel's song
  Which I would here indite,
Could I command the artless tongue
  To give that song aright.

12

Death is the spirit's bright relief
  From out an earthly clod,
As grain falls from a ripened sheaf,
  All in the hand of God.

13

Now should you fear a change like this—
  The portals of the tomb
But lead to everlasting bliss,
  Through momentary gloom.

14

And from this song our faith should rise,
  And we should doubt no more,
But know there lies within the skies
  A bright and radiant shore.

15

[illegible]

16

Then shrink no more from shrouds and biers,
And cling to life no more,
We'll leave our friends of earth in tears
And join those gone before,

17

In spirit lands so fair and bright
That none can ever tell,
Where all that heart can wish unite,
And there eternal dwell.

THE NATURAL PLAN.

The way to rid the world of lepers is to let the present lepers die without issue, and so drunkards and fools.

Come all ye girls, by chance or birth,
That do excel the rest of earth,
And all bright boys of God's creation,
Let us build up a perfect nation
That shall surpass all other men,
Beyond the words of tongue or pen;
O 'tis well thought, the human race
Has fallen behind its proper place.
And now we must adopt a plan
Which all agree will favor man,
And raise him from his fallen state,
As high as nature meant, and great.

There is a scheme all men pursue,
With blooded ram and choicest ewe,
Then mate the best results again;
And so you see 'tis very plain,
They soon produce a race of sheep,
For wool or mutton can't be beat.

And so to get a perfect horse,
They've long pursued God's only course,
And brought the proudest stallion rare
To couple with the sleekest mare;
And from the offspring so begot,
Improved and bred another lot,

Till now with horses long ago
He hath done wonders, as all know,
And brought them to such perfect state
That he achieves both speed and weight.

And so of swine from wild boar sprung,
Whose fame the ancient Britons sung—
The central dish in lordly hall,
When they held forth in Christmas brawl,
And in the light of burning log
Caroused around the roasted hog.
But how has changed that savage race,
Since then he led the Briton's chase,
And was a prey as ancients sing
Worthy the spear of any king.
His ugly tusk and eke his snout,
By slow degrees have faded out,
Till now we have to fill his place
The present fat and peaceful race,
Who would disown their ancient fathers,
And scoff and sneer at their old mothers,
Like foolish man of whom there's some
Despise the monkey whence they sprung.

And so of hens and cats and dogs,
All kinds of cattle, fish and frogs,
They've all improved by cunning man,
By simply working on this plan.

But now what follows on this page,
Is far beyond our present age—
A place where 'tis unsafe to walk—
Where one may think but must not talk:
The world has been so long in fact
By Pope and priest and kings held back,

That common sense can't have full sway,
Until some happy future day,
When working on this natural plan,
She shall lift up the fallen man
From out the depth he's sunk in,
Unto a high and bright perfection,
And place him on that summit high,
He was designed to occupy.

Yes, what should now at once take place,
Is breeding of the human race;
And no one seems to give a thought
To what a state it might be brought,
With half the skill bestowed on dogs,
Or breeding of a race of hogs.
Man claims his busy brain surpasses
The brains of dogs and cats and asses;
But truth to tell he shows less sense,
For all his vain and false pretense,
Than any creature, beast or bird,
In all God's kingdoms seen or heard.
They suffer lepers and every curse
To taint humanity at its source,
And each brings forth more marked its kind,
The deaf and dumb and weak in mind,
Till scarcely now a perfect man
Can there be found in all the land:
When creatures of the field and wood
Do kill their weak in ruthless mood;
And even insects, like the bees,
Thus fend the future from disease.
To murder them I do not say,
But let kind nature have her sway,
And then their natural courses ran,

We'll have no more to poison man:
We'd simply stop their mad career
And breed no more such asses here;
The crowning sin man e'er has done
Is thus to breed unwholesome son:
For nature's plan is very plain,
That muscle shall keep pace with brain,
The weak pass childless from the earth,
And from the strong all take their birth.
A scheme both righteous and humane,
Which would in all earth's wide domain
Make every child a perfect man,
To bless for age the natural plan.

We must not think reforming man
Would take the place of this great plan,
When plain it is in Nature's view,
More expedite to make a new.
And then to think in this false cause
We fight with God and nature's laws;
That puny man, as it would seem,
Defeats Dame Nature's happy scheme.
And out of love to one forlorn,
Makes all the coming millions mourn;
And then unto that future sphere,
To which we go when finished here,
Instead of sending them a race
Possessed of every good and grace,
We pour in there, for aye, to dwell
A stream of fools and Imps of Hell.
But earth is waking to this thing,
And for the flight now plumes her wing,
To raise man from his fallen state,
As high as nature meant, and great.

O former great men are but toys,
Beside the coming race of boys,
Who when they've bred with proper care,
Each one a front like Jove shall bear;
And when by sexual selection
He shall attain to great perfection,
And at his highest acme sittest,
By the survival of the fittest.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF "UNCLE TOM."

His last words were "All is well."

Yes, all is well; his work is done;
Three score and ten his years have run,
Their days each ruled by wisdom broad,
That sought a future's bright reward:
One tried and true, avoiding strife
Through all the varied walks of life;
In virtue's cause he ever spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke:
A benediction always shed
Its joyous radiance round his head,
And hope of heaven, so deep and pure,
Within his bosom did endure,
That with a never failing faith,
"I have no paltry fear," he saith,
"Whate'er the future hour containeth,
The Lord God almighty reigneth."
God's crowning work, an honest man,
Life like a faithful river ran,
Reflecting aye the light of heaven,
As on its seaward course was driven,
Dispensing bounty on each hand,
And benefaction o'er the land—
Whose currents, deep, resistless, strong,
A joy forever move along—
A life where all things surely tend,
To some great victory at the end.

And when he bent like golden grain,
That ripens on life's harvest plain,
And neared his high and heavenly home,
Bright on his face its glories shone,
And blessed the setting of his sun
With light from heaven in earth was done,
A moment lingering on this shore,
As loth to give earth's memories o'er,
And hovering there a spirit brave,
Where all men wept around his grave;
Then bright on him fell heaven's dawn,
As is the light of Orient morn;
Loving the music of this earth,
How joy shall spring at this new birth,
When heaven's high domes and arches ring
With all the songs that angels sing,
To welcome him, his victory o'er,
To stand on that eternal shore,
And there forever to live and rest,
Redeemed and saved among the blest.
Thus radient spirits, freed from clay,
From earth to heaven make their way;
"'Tis well," thou man of God, well done,
In peace has set thy earthly sun.
And now with fulsome joy behold
The sapphire gates, two-leaved, unfold—
So long and well the wine press trod,
Thou shalt receive a great reward—
"'Tis well," and now with joys untold,
Walk thou those streets of burnished gold,
While angels all with glad acclaim
Thy victory won and crown proclaim.

AN ABSENT ONE.

1

I've met a fair one on this earth,
To whom I could my soul impart,
The only one who e'er had birth,
To whom I'd tell my inmost heart.

2

She struck a chord within my breast
That set my soul so sweet in tune,
That joy did all my life invest,
As verdure doth our fields in June;

3

And fancy whispers o'er and o'er,
Most blest and beauteous creature she,
That e'er set sail from childhood's shore,
Upon life's bright and boundless sea.

4

But wafted now so far astray,
Like snowy sails upon the wave,
We hold from each so far away,
Perchance shall meet this side the grave.

5

And since like ships far down the bay,
That one has vanished now afar,
Her memory glows with brighter ray,
Like evening's culminating star.

6

And now I'm doomed to live alone,
Though many friends are ever near me;
I'm like a golden clasped tome,
With all my soul locked up within me.

7

O yes, she's flown, so far away,
With snowy wings upon life's sea,
She only glows in memory's ray
Like distant stars in apogee.

8

But could we meet for one brief hour,
That she might whisper some sweet thing;
And sweeter than the brightest flower,
That summer seasons ever bring;

9

O yes, to whisper some sweet thing,
Which I could tell in artless rhyme;
And it so sweet and deftly sing,
It would be handed down to time.

10

And coupled with her charming name,
  And native grace and beauty shine,
Extending down to endless fame,
  Throughout a never ending line.

11

But since this fair one from me fled,
  My burden seems too great to bear,
As through the world I weary tread,
  Nor finding joy nor pleasure there,

12

And birds no more they sing for me,
  Although they hymn their sweetest lay,
Nor pleasure bides in sky or sea,
  Since she has fled from me away.

13

But hope assures me we shall meet
  On winding shores of some bright river,
And where my love with beauteous feet,
  Shall join my soul forever;

14

And where with ever brightening face,
  We may pursue a high ideal,
Upon an endless upward race,
  Where all we hope for shall be real.

15

O spirits thence have oft returned
  Bedecked in living gems of light,
That form, in which, on earth immured,
  More radiant than the stars of night.

16

But could I meet this vanished one,
  And touch once more her blessed hand,
I'd give my hopes of joy to come
  And all my worldly gold and land.

SOME LINES FOR THE YOUNG.

Sure none is disposed to do wrong,
In this wonderful world of light,
Where reasons so many and strong
Can be given for doing the right:

And I've thought every hand should be stayed,
And carefully weigh ere it strike,
When nature so deftly has made
Reaction and action exactly alike:

For that blow which we strike upon earth
Will jar to its centre the sun,
And by a strict conservation of force,
When once struck can be never undone;

So our actions, whatever we would,
An eternal course do pursue,
And whether for ill or for good,
Run space and eternity through.

I'm sure every word spoken here,
Like the volume of light from the sun,
Forever increasing its sphere,
Thro' the air and the ether doth run,

Recording itself through all time and all space,
Where man's every act may be read
Through all the universe, leaving a trace
Of all that is done or is said.

O yes it is a physical fact,
Not even a word can die—
The evil deed—the goodly act
Forever climb the sky.

And oft I think of deeds of good
Performed at random here and there,
Where none suspects their authorhood,
Or whence th' initial impulse were:

They seem to me like tropic trees
That grow upon some southern shore,
And drop the fruits into the seas,
Whose restless surf they shadow o'er;

And thus their fruits upon the tide
Go sailing to a distant strand,
And there increased and multiplied,
Adorn and bless another land.

O many tropic seeds there be,
Are shed upon the rolling main,
And wafted to a foreign lea,
Gain footing on a distant plain;

And deeds of good thus random go,
They are life's wealth and all adorn
And ever onward spread and grow
When we are dead and gone.

And many men of olden times
Still live in deeds they've done,
Their fame extending to all climes,
Like those who fell at Marathon.

We should not care to if we could
  Become such famous ones as they,
But pass our lives in doing good,
  Some quiet humble way;

And every one, 'tis very plain,
  In nature's endless scope and plan,
For each misstep will suffer pain,
  Conceal or hide it how he can;

For in the moral dispensation,
  All things are balanced so,
By laws of compensation,
  No wrongs unpunished go:

Sure as the laws of gravitation
  Act upon the sea,
Right will have its true equation,
  In the wide economy;

And so if one shall do us wrong,
  We'll not retaliate in kind,
But still sing on our happy song,
  And leave him to his moody mind.

O yes, I'll be the man—
  Sings quietly on his lay,
Always doing the best he can,
  As life is flying fast away;

And always glows with heaven's rays,
  The face of him that doeth right;
He's happy through the longest days,
  And calm his conscience, rests at night.

And indirectly thus doth good;
For where his sunshine doth abound,
Contagious like a laughing mood,
His genial nature spreads around.

And thus we see what deeds shall do,
And thoughts and words as well,
But what results they lead to,
No pen can ever tell,

For if physical things thus ought
To circle on for aye,
Most surely then the merest thought
Forever speeds away.

And so it is, I know it well,
Such conservation is on high,
That all we do or think or tell,
Will soon confront us in the sky.

Then do your best, and when 'tis done,
Trust all to God without a fear,
Life like a silver thread shall run
Throughout a bright eternal sphere.

ROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. WASHINGTON LOOKING DOWN ON LOVEWELL'S LAKE.

From this bold summit looking down
On wide expanse and scattered town,
I see the sunny waters gleam,
Of many a lake and silvery stream,
And at the dim horizon's bound,
Where heaven stoops to touch the ground,
With winding shore and emerald isle,
The lake of the great spirit's smile,
Whose sylvan margins reach away,
And floods reflect the summer day.

And with pure waters cool and clear,
A humbler lake lies gleaming near;
But far below, and calm and still,
Mid pleasant scenes of vale and hill,
An emblem in its solitude,
Of all that's peaceful, sweet and good;
For here in quiet summer day,
The lapsing waters go their way,
With none their scenes to love or heed,
Or follow through the flowery mead;
In autumn too, the squirrels drop
Their winter stores from beech's top,
And herons blue and nimble deer,
The margin seek with nought to fear;
And in the stormy winter time,

When all is lost in snow and rime,
And in the clamorous Northern blast,
The dead limbs from the trees are cast—
When the old monarchs of the wood,
That here for centuries have stood,
Now stricken and gray, with beards of moss,
In midnight hours their branches toss,
And sometimes fall with deafening sound,
And lie for ages on the ground:
For living trees exalt their head,
And ne'er inter their fallen dead,
Except with leaves, by autumn storms,
Swept down upon their prostrate forms.

But what is this that I am told?
That here was fought a fight of old?
That in some springtime far away,
And in the vernal month of May—
Of all the seasons of the year,
When men should dwell in concord here,
These tranquil groves where sings the bird,
The shouts and cries of battle heard?
'Tis even so, this lonely shore
Was shocked with human hate and gore;
For here "Bold Paugus in his den,"
Was met and slain by Christian men,
And beast and bird affrighted there,
Did cower in their deepest lair;
For never yet the crash of arms
Awoke their woods with war's alarms:
Then fluttered their poor hearts with fright,
And dumb amazement at the sight,
For beast and bird take note of wrong,
As robins did in ancient song,

And still their breasts at murder grieves,
As when they hid the babes with leaves,
For sure they could not understand
Why man should lift his bloody hand,
And with his wild and baleful eye,
The battle's dreadful slaughter ply,
Till all were dead or stretched in pain
With blackened faces on the plain,
Till none were left by this sweet flood
To do the dreadful deed of blood;
Nor yet could man, with lofty eye,
Explain or give a reason why;
For all true men feel in their breast
At bloody deeds a deep unrest,
As though it were a murder done,
By God's own son upon his son,
And violence to some hidden laws,
That with kind nature's justice wars:
And who thus stain the virgin sod,
Invade the very rights of God;
For wrongs by all should be forgiven,
And justice left to time and heaven.

But blood has stained the faithful sod,
And spirits hence flew to their God,
From mid the battle's shout and strife,
And violent end of human life;
And children came to this sad spot,
And mothers too, to mourn their lot,
With all a depth of woe and wrong,
As ne'er was told by tale or song.
For crowded from their plenteous sea,
And happy homes by slow degree,
These braves now driven to a bound,

Where nought but famine lay around,
Here brought to bay, they staked their all,
On one brave stroke to win or fall.

And now within the silent grove,
Where they so brave and fiercely strove,
Not one is left of all that band,
Who lived so happy in the land.
No more they fashion from the rock
The arrow head or tomahawk,
Or bat the ball with shout and cheer,
Or practice with the bow or spear.
Nor do they here their quoits play,
As in the old and happy day;
No more the sires by hill or dell,
Their deeds of chase or prowess tell—
Nor do they light the fire here,
The maize to parch or wigwam cheer,
Nor make, old squaws, their dinner hot,
By dropping hot stones in the pot.
No more they chase the buck and doe,
Or fish the meadow stream below;
Nor in the fragile bark canoe
Skim o'er the waters bright and blue;
Nor do their maidens, as of yore,
Stroll with their lovers on the shore,
Or cull the wild and honeyed rose
That here as sweet as sharon's grows;
Nor from the lake, that fairest flower
That ever graced a summer hour,
With fragrant heart of burnished gold,
Like frankincense and myrrh of old,
For all are gone from vale or hill
Unto their graves so lone and still,

And left the one time peopled wood
A vast unbroken solitude,
Where sigh the winds in funeral tones,
And snarling jackalls gnaw the bones.
The mothers fled the scene in fear,
The orphaned children perished here,
Or starved in winter's blinding snows,
Unknelled by friends, unpenned by foes;
Nor of the strife remains a trace,
For flowers and verdure hide the place.

But glad I am I saw this place,
And thought upon that vanished race,
For these lost children of the wood
Taught me what sages never could—
One happy truth, so plain and clear,
'Twill all my life time bless and cheer—
That every plant, or flower or bird,
In nature's edens seen or heard,
Are each indued with spirits chaste,
Akin to every living race,
And are involved in golden ties,
With everything that blooms or flies,
In lake, or land or shady wood,
In one unbroken sisterhood.
Nor would I wanton crush the flower,
So brightly blooms in vale and bower;
For many sightless creatures rare,
Disport and dance the morris there.
We are involved in wondrous ties,
And kin to all that blooms or flies,
Like pathways of the asteroid,
That throng the space long reckoned void,
Between the widely distant stars

Of mighty Jove and ruddy Mars,
Whose orbits round the central sun,
And endless maze of cycloids run,
Of form and size and angle traced,
So intricate and interlaced,
That if their paths were golden rings,
On which each globe in silence swings,
No one could from the main be pressed.
Without removing all the rest;
And yet so marvellous is the plan,
That taking thence a grain of sand,
Might cause the whole to break and fall
In endless ruin one and all,
Still each of these with magic powers
Affects this lowly world of ours,
And blesses with an unseen ray,
The starry night and sunny day.
And when the bright and blessed sun,
High up the world his course doth run,
And makes our Northern summer time
As genial as a Southern clime,
Then in the evening calm and still,
Amid the scenes of vale and hill,
When fire flies dart athwart the brook,
And glow worms gleam in every nook,
And myriad insects hum and sing,
And hurry by on shard and wing,
And night birds call deep in the shade,
And frogs are croaking down the glade,
Showing how fully peopled is
The goodly world in which we live,
Then o'er the meadows trip these sprites,
And sound the springs in moonlight nights,
The little souls of bird and bee,

From little bodies here set free,
In endless legions skip and play
And live forever and a day.
And soon shall we, when free like them,
Behold the glories of that realm;
Nor should I feel a sense of fear,
With all these busy creatures near.
If I alone were in this wold,
In some sweet summer night of old,
For O their world's so near at hand,
That its bright nymphs around me stand;
And well I know the veil between—
So light and airy is its screen
That sounds not only reach my ear,
And greet me from that happy sphere;
But some fine natures pass it through,
And heaven high hills and peoples view:
And well I know from realms above,
Bright spirits come to those they love,
When heart and soul propitious are,
And stilly sounds ring from afar—
Sweet souls of those long laid to rest,
But who ne'er died within my breast.
Come with that well remembered face,
But radiant with a nameless grace,
And grateful converse with me hold,
As angels talked with men of old.
Though all unseen to eyes of clay,
They hover round me night and day—
In storm and sunshine, good and ill,
Attend like guardian angels still,
And would not leave me blind and lone,
To dash my foot against a stone.
And so I'm always pleased and blest

To have them so at my behest,
And know full well I soon or late
Shall dwell with them in happy state;
What here we strive for—not attain,
Shall keep us on that higher plane
That leads to heaven's golden gate,
Where my good angels stand and wait
To welcome me a weary guest,
To their bright regions of the blest.
So on I wend my cheerful way,
Approaching nearer day by day,
Knowing that God is ever just,
And well remembers we are dust.
But still I've sometimes thought and said,
In view of many a doubt and dread,
Though heaven may be a place of bliss,
I would not change that realm for this—
I would not leave this world so brave,
And fly to scenes beyond the grave.
If some bright souls I meet and know,
Would dwell with me in earth below;
Rebellious though the thought the while,
Which made me here to pause and smile;
Rebellious 'tis and false to heaven,
To wish for things we know forbidden.

Deep in my soul I feel they're right,
For well I know the fairy sprite
Is sister of the thoughts and dreams
That rise in me when by their streams;
So to their race, my thanks return,
This pleasing truth of them to learn,
Which they unknown to school or art,
Found deeply hid in nature's heart
Wherein they live upon the sod
Within the very hand of God,
And 't seems to me, to them, to go
Of these sweet things to learn and know,
Like following to the fountain head,
To learn whence mystic rivers sped.

But viewing now the fruitful land
From this far height on which I stand,
The widely scattered hamlets rise
With spires pointing to the skies,
And untilled lands, stretch far and wide
By lake and rill and river's side—
O'er mount and plane, through vale and glen,
With room for all the sons of men,
Who might discard the hates of hell
And here in peace and comfort dwell.
Then would the hills smile with their crops,
And harvests to their very tops,
While sweet the vale and summer dell
Would tinkle with the shepherd's bell,
And in green fields on mountain side
The milk maids sing at eventide.

BY CHARLES MCGREGOR.

Nashua, N. H., Feb. 18, 1888.

ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA, N. H.

'Guard well thy Thoughts; Our thoughts are heard in Heaven."
—Thompson.

Thou lake among the mighty hills
Whose face, a tranquil beauty fills—
So girt by lofty mountain walls
The passing breeze scarce on thee falls
And whose pure waters lone and bright
Reflect the day and stars of night—:
All earth is gifted with a voice
That bids the inmost soul rejoice—
The brook that down the hillside sings
And bird that flits on flashing wings—
The winds that murmur in the trees
And waves that skimmer on the seas,
Speak many a wondrous tale to me
That I would gladly tell to thee
And list thy tongues repeat them all—
For echoed from thy mountain wall
They wing their way from earth to sky
As birds on countless pinions fly,
And all a nameless joy unfold
To my amazed and wond'ring soul;
For unseen fairies in thy land
Like angels with their trumpets stand
Who thy sweet songs and tales rehearse
To all the listening universe.
All voices on thy margin here
Awake their trumps so wild and clear

Whose prisoned spirits, once set free
Give tongues to every rock and tree
That bruit it round thy magic shore
In less'ning accents ever more
That, soon though lost to earthly ears
Still cycle on through all the years
And from a central impulse rise
Eternal spheres to fill the skies,
    The Indian maiden, who of old,
    Upon thy shores her sorrows told.
The secrets of her bosom yet
Wing on with stars that never set.
And the fell strokes that slew the deer
That drank of thy cool waters here
About thy shores forever race
And smite high heaven in the face—
And deeds of strife or murder done
In endless discord ever run
And crimes that stick, as ages roll
Like bloody daggers in the soul.
    But may the sweetest song, I pray,
    Break from my lips this sunny day,
    Thy willowed margins ever heard
    From brook, or breeze, or singing bird,
    And thy sweet heralds trump its rhyme
    Through all the peopled shores of time.
    A song that when I meet above
    Will welcome be as one I love.
Thy busy voices so employed
Reveal a law none can avoid,
By which each deed and word of ours
Is carried by thy sightless powers,
Though less'ning on forever and aye
Till all unheard by ears of clay.

Yet ever on an endless race,
Through all the realms of time and space;
And that when freed from bondage here,
The spirits' bright and quickened ear
Will catch each thought or deed or word
Thy awakened echoes ever heard.
One fears almost to speak or act
In presence of this mighty fact
In such a pensive time as this,
When nature, like a realm of bliss,
Lies silent as a summer day
When dearest souls depart this clay,
And fly on angel wings elate
To mysteries of a future state.
And when the hours so holy are
We hear sweet bells from heaven afar,
And all the best we do or be
Would mar kind nature's harmony;
Still all must live and act their best
Though doubtful of its righteousness.
And here, inspired, by thy glades
And Nymphs that people all thy shades,
I bravely would an impulse give
That shall forever move and live
And send a song of joy forth
Shall gladden all the hearts of earth;
Knowing full well, that in the skies,
When from this clay my spirit flies
I there shall meet that song again
With every word of tongue or pen,
And life within that world unknown
Shall take its tone from them alone.
And thus all acts of violence done
Forever on in cycles run

And deeds of good a course pursue
Through all bright heaven's boundless blue
And will reach on I know and feel
To all the future's woe or weal.

O deep within thy placid wave
I would my restless spirit lave
If then my soul so still could lie,
Like yours reflect the starry sky.
Where all sweet voices soft and high,
On sightless wings go flitting by,
And from high heaven take its hue
As your pure waters ever do.

CHARLES MCGREGOR.

Nashua, N. H.

THE STRANDED BOWLDER.

How strange the story of the ice
That once lay thick upon the earth
And held as in a mighty vice
The boundless North's prodigious girth;
And whose slowly moving mass
Broke the rocks from off their stools—
Held them in a giant grasp
Like the steel of graver's tools
And with them scored along their course
Many a deep and parallel line
That indicate their northern source
And tell a wondrous tale of time—
Of endless glacier's dreary scenes
From howling winter's snowy thrones
Pursuing the courses of the streams
And jutting into warmer zones;
And there among luxuriant trees
Embouching on the smiling plain
Adown sweet valleys toward the seas
And melting in the summer rain.

Far in the hoary glacial age
The genial sun refused his heat
And stormy winter's wildest rage
On all the shores of ocean beat;
Then death and darkness spread afar
As in the Arctic night and cold—
Ice formed beneath the Northern star
And slowly spread from pole to pole;

All former life was then cut down
  Through untold ages lone and drear
Until the present period's rise
  And sun's returned, reviving cheer;
Where the Equator's circle shows
  His benefaction first was shed;
A zone of verdure there arose
  And to the glacial margins spread;
And then the ice moved from the North
  Withal a slow resistless trend,
And trust its mighty glaciers forth
  Through every vale and gorge and glen,
Like mighty rivers running south—
  Each freighted with a rocky train,
And melting slowly at its mouth
  To form the terminal morain.

A battle raged 'tween sun and cold
  In which the ice fields shrunk away,
Retreating northward toward the pole
  Where arctic rigors now hold sway,
And followed up by floral life
  In the bright sun's returning glare
With joys of field and forest rife,
  The earth rejoiced in sunny air;
So Nature's laws assert their reign
  And in eternal time and space
From protoplasm proceed again
  To all the grades to crowning race;
And all the while the rock lay there,
  Brought down the icy plain
And dropped within the summer air
  At the terminal morain.

Fragment of mountain, old and gray,
  Now seamed and mossed with heavy rime,
What eons and eons have fled away
  Into the vast abysm of time:
Sublime in your uncounted age
  I will not name the city's rise,
Nor even turn thy history's page
  When on the scene man first arrived;
But in your presence I'll be dumb
  And ponder your past amain,
And eons and eons yet to come
  Since the terminal morain.

OCTOBER WINDS.

October's winds are sadly sighing
About my hearth to-night.
The summer's golden days are dying,
The leaves have taken their flight;
Then close the book, lay down the pen,
The sunset fades in gloom.
A solemn thought comes over me
When night and darkness fill my room.

Sad thoughts of other days and times,
Awakened by the moan
Of winds that sweep to other climes
When I am all alone:
They sigh within the chimney's throat
With such a doleful sound,
As gloomy as the funeral note
That sweeps the tombs around.

And round the lonely graves they sigh,
Within my childhood's land,
Where mother and my sisters lie
Ne'er more to grasp my hand;
Where like the billows heaves the ground
In their lone place of rest,
Where those that loved my youth lie round
To endless sleep addressed.

But ope the shutters to the West,
I'll gaze upon the sky,

Where sweetly calm the clouds do rest
That charmed my youthful eye:
Aflame with their refracted rays,
A fairy land it seems,
And was in childhood's vanished days
The cloud land of my dreams.

But soon they took a leaden hue
And flew upon the blast,
And night her sable curtains drew
Mid scenes too sweet to last;
And now the evening star appears
With all her shining train,
So far above this world of tears
And gloomy Autumn rain.

I love that sister world to greet
Far off within the sky,
Unlike our own, where all that's sweet
Was only made to die;
There creatures rise on angel's wings
Unsoiled by sin or crime,
And youthful joy forever springs
Through all the realms of time.

And now from the far mountain side,
Across the wood and plain,
A light from some home streaming wide
Gleams through my window pane,
So far that candle throws its beams
As one has said of old:
Belike a goodly deed it seems
Within a naughty world.

I fancy in that distant home
  Are merry faces bright,
Where parents laugh and children roam,
  Nor feel the gloomy night;
But come, my love, come to my room,
  Its shades will then depart,
We'll close the blinds—shut out the gloom
  That prays upon my heart.

Yes, come my love, give me your hand,
  My heart hath ne'er grown cold,
But warmly beats as in that land
  And in the days of old;
These winds that blow and sadly sigh
  And fill my soul with woe,
Shall serve to fan our fire more high
  And make it brighter glow.

And now, dear one, by your sweet side
  Before our cheerful fire,
You dearer grown by time and tide,
  Fill all my heart's desire;
I'll gaze into your loving eyes,
  Deep down into your heart
Where all that's sweet in life takes rise
  And sorrows all depart.

But thoughts will come so sad and sweet
  I'd whisper in your ear,
That are too sacred to repeat
  In words that one could hear.
Sad thoughts of days now fled away
  As flies the whirring dove,
Days e're I knew the giddy world
  Or you, my dearest love.

Days when I was a timid boy
  And life was fresh and new,
When simple toys gave more of joy
  Than all the world but you:
And when I played upon the grass
  With Tray, before our door,
Until one morn his life did pass
  And we could play no more.

And deep I mourned the poor old dog,
  Companion of my plays,
And tears and sighs my heart did clog
  Through many nights and days.
In those old times, when I so small,
  Looked out into the rain,
When scarce I could, I was so small,
  See through the lower pane.

I well recall that those young days
  Were not exempt from woe,
And that when weary of my plays
  I'd to my mother go,
And lay my head upon her knee
  Or lean upon her breast.
And there from all my sorrows free
  Find blessed peace and rest.

But since that time in all the land,
  Its wandering up and down,
I've missed the blessing of that hand
  And no such peace I've found:
And many times when pressed with care,
  Defeated by the world,
I've felt a sense of lone despair
  Upon my spirit hurled.

O I have thought these many years
To visit that dear old scene,
Just as the earliest spring appears
And grass is growing green;
And walk the same old path and field
And follow the swollen brook,
Where once I set my water wheel
And strolled with line and hook.

But years have wove their net around—
My time is not my own
And when at length I came I found
The tender spring had flown;
But still I sought the hallowed spot
I dreampt of in my dreams
And 'twas so changed I knew it not
The fields and woods and streams:

And one thing only seemed the same
Since long and long ago,
The old oak tree where oft I came
Fresh as it used to grow;
Its leafy shade and cool retreat
The sweetest e'er I knew
And knotted roots that made my seat
So gnarled and rough they grew:

From 'neath the shelter of its arms
I con the landscape o'er,
The western hills and verdant farms,
They seem not as of yore;
For what were mounts to youthful eyes
Have dwindled to a span,
And distant too—but near they rise
Since now I am a man.

Then come my love. give me your hand
My heart has ne'er grown cold
But warmly beats as in that land
And in the days of old;
And I have one great lesson, love
Deep graven in my breast
The years have proved high heaven above
The only place of rest.

Then sing to me the dear sweet song
Of old old home to night,
It moves my heart to surge along
With such a sad delight;
O plenteous tears unbidden flow
When e'er you sing that line
That tells of mother long ago
With your face pressed to mine.

Now she is gone be near my bed
I'll pass in peace away
If you will hold my aching head
As sinks this earthly clay;
But you will shed the bitter tear
And come where I have led
And leaving all your sorrows here
Be buried with your dead:

And me my love you then will meet
Upon a brighter shore,
Awaiting, you the first to greet
Where I have gone before
And there for aye with you I'll roam
And press you to my heart,
In love's own bright and joyous home
And never more depart.

THE OWL MAKES A FEW FEEBLE REMARKS.

The other night I sauntered out
To see what nature was about,
To view the stars and mild moonlight
That shone so sweetly on the night,
When forth from out a neighboring oak
An angry voice the silence broke:
An owl that once was grave and sage
Was shouting in a furious rage:
I thought of course some mother owl
Unto her youngsters raised this howl,
Or at some murderous skunk or hawk
That sought to slay her little flock;
But when I saw it was of man
Her slanderous tongue so bitter ran
I seized my stylographic pen
And in the moonlight there and then
I, this strange discourse overheard
And quickly penned it word for word.

"What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat
But none there are upon my word
So dangerous as that smiling herd
Who, treasurers of a bank or mill
Have other's cash to use at will
And beam with sanctimonious face
At church or market every place,
And oft the public gull and fool
By running of a Sabbath school

Or giving largely to the church
Like some I'd find without much search,
Who simpering like a cooing dove
There prate of heaven and its love
Whilst their black hearts both false and "holler"
Are reaching for the mighty dollar,
And without conscience seek their point
If all things else fall out of joint:
For fifty dollars they'd swear was true
A lie would stagger me or you."

I was so shocked to hear this cant
Says I old owl leave off your rant:
Such scandalous talk at random dealt
Will make these church men seek your pelt:
And though I've had within my breast
The very thoughts that you've expressed,
And though there's truth in what you say
You mustn't speak so round away;

"I'm well aware she then exclaimed
The dangers that you've kindly named
But I have been so vexed of late
I will speak out what e'er my fate—
And now I'm roused I'll have my talk
If they mash my head on "Plymouth rock"
Or strip my entrails from my gullet
And splash me on a lady's bonnet
And in the fashions' latest craze
With birds in many styles and ways,
With downcast head uptilted tail—
I'm bound to rake 'em poop and rail
These hypocrites of cant and lies
Who honest workmen stigmatize

As though themselves monopolize
All good extant beneath the skies—
And who, though deep in mire and slime
Belike damned rogues of every clime
Do "stop thief" like a stentor cry
While they from justice sneak and hie
And make false entries in the book
To give things all a proper look—
Run bank and school, as I have said
And rum saloon and brothel den—
Do anything to catch the cents—
Of virtue make a great pretense
Whilst they for public notice seek
And with demeanor mild and meek
Do smile and coy 'mongst pious folk
Concealed by gospel's holy cloak."

"But time doth level all these things
And all the false to daylight brings
And soon they will like bubbles burst—
Be brought to justice last or first
Whether, to Canada in state they ride
Or rush to hell by suicide."

"And so I notice as I rhyme
That first and last and all the time,
Those people get more out of life,
With more of comfort, less of strife,
Who, honest toil give for their cash,
A fair equivalent and no trash—
For right and justice do so reign,
In nature's broad and deep domain,
That, wrong, though seeming to prevail
A penalty doth sure entail,

Deep in the breast and recondite
Or open to the day and light;
Whereas the sons of honest toil,
Escape much trouble and turmoil
And though they seek a lowly end
Find in their conscience their best friend."

So fine a moral she did bring
Then hid her head beneath her wing.

THE MOON.

Brave moon, above the world so high
Most wondrous object in the sky,
How oft have I with moistened eyes
Beheld thee in thy glory rise
With all thy magic splendor dight
As day was melting into night
And seen thee mount the heavenly plain
Great queen of all the nightly train;
With what a mild and beauteous glow
You touch the scenes of earth below
While nature all with glad surprise
Looks up to see thy orb arise
Now glow the seas from pole to pole
As in your light the oceans roll
And all the world beneath your ray
Has charms unseen by light of day;
The Arctic ice and tropic coast
Wild beauty in your beams can boast
And shine with nameless wonders bright
When e're you rule the starry night.

What changes o'er your face have run
Since in the west your race begun;
A silvery crescent in the sky—
I scarce could see you with mine eye—
Low hanging o'er the setting sun,
Just as the joyous day was done,
More beauteous than the rising morn
The quiet cloudland you adorn,

And with the old moon, pale and calm
Still in your bright encircling arm,
His full round orb as mild as air
Discerned by earthlight resting there.
While like a jewel in the west
Shone evening's star so sweet and blest
Above the fleecy clouds so far,
I wonder greatly what you are,
Thou strange attendant of our earth—
What is the story of your birth?
With Saturn's rings I had my rise
Like bows of promise in the skies
When took that form, the nebulous mass
Uncounted ages in the past.

And endless cycles round I spun
Illumined by the glorious sun,
Until at length my glowing gases
Condensed to myriad solid masses,
And they by mutual gravitation
Built up my globe by aggregation
Which keeping still the average motion
That held the ring in its rotation
And taking just that speed and distance
Precisely balanced earth's resistance—
So I, not flying into space
Nor falling yet to earth apace
Move proudly round, with path eliptic
The mighty plane of the ecliptic;
Then ever on my course I run,
Attending earth around the sun
Enveloped in the crystal air,
Of boundless ether pure and rare
Condensed around my little globe

By gravitation like a robe;
And in a track so vast and far
I seemed to him a little star—
'Till slowly parting with my heat
For life and pleasure I was meet
And creatures bright of sea and air
And field and wood lived happy there
Evolved from ether and the light
By far off sun's active might.

The earth not having cooled so fast
By reason of her greater mass,
When she was still by heat's attraction
A scene of wild cyclonic action
My smaller globe was land and seas
With air and cloud and summer breeze.
Earth slowly sank to red from white
Then ceased to shine by her own light;
But still a radiant orb was she
Reflecting back the sun to me
With four times told those charming powers
That I illume your evening hours
And with those phases of her face
That in my orb to you take place.

The people all of my fair lands
At her brave face did clap their hands
As field and hill and sea so bright
In splendor glowed of her mild light;
For then I had a daily race
And turned all sides to her bright face—
But in my seas a mighty tide
Was by her power made to ride,
Which dashing on my solid land

Hath brought me now to such a stand
That I since many ages forth
Show one side only to the earth.

And now in nature's ceaseless strife,
Through fire having passed to life
The beauties all of that bright day
By bitter cold are swept away
And all my joys like shadows fly
For all that's sweet was made to die.

O sad to think such bravery all
Should now be passed beyond recall
And nothing reign o'er my pale face
But death and relics of their race—
Ruins of cities on the plain
And bleaching bones of nations slain;
But then when in my golden day
I swept around my happy way
A wond'rous peopled world was I
A shining in the azure sky
Ere human eyes were there to see
Or gaze in wonder up at me;
Intelligent beings there did dwell
Who loved all other creatures well,
For nature's broad and social union
Was never by them rudely broken,
But free all creatures high and low
About my fields did happy go.

Brave moon above the world so high
Most wondrous object in the sky!
What thoughts profound arise in me
I should not have were't not for thee;

For half the beauties of the earth
Without thy light could ne'er have birth.
What is the meaning of your story?
Thou faded cloud of morning's glory
With life and beauty once so gay
Now passed away like summer's day.
But why such wonders come and go
We all must live for aye to know.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

How, brave Aurora, must thy light
Resplendent shine in Arctic night,
With glory on the ice and snow
That milder climates cannot know.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AURORA.

By Charles McGregor.

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Space is filled with a resisting medium, a highly attenuated, elastic and transparent fluid. It is the ether in which the light waves and other mysterious powers of nature dart athwart the boundless universe. The most distant star that sends to us its rays conclusively shows that the ether is also there. Wherever light is there must it exist, as light is simply a tremulous motion of the ether; and as light is everywhere we must conclude that this subtle and mysterious element fills all the realms of space. In it live and play forever those mighty forces that give life to the universe and make it one animated and throbbing whole. These forces are heat, light, electricity and gravitation.

In the pure ether, swim all the heavenly bodies as in a boundless ocean, and its resistance seemingly must retard the movements, but so slight is this resistance as to be well nigh inappreciable. The earth feels it, however, and if so, all other bodies must. The barometer tells a wondrous tale. Our earth in its annual journey round the sun shoots through the ether with a hundred times the speed of a cannon ball. The ether would be compressed in its front. The earth's daily revolution brings us alternately upon its front and into its wake. At ten o'clock in the morning of each day we are on this front, and then are being thrust against this resistance by the earth's frightful forward motion. The barometer at this hour invariably records an

increased pressure. This periodic variation of the barometer has heretofore remained an unexplained mystery. A slight annual periodic variation can be accounted for by the varying velocity of the earth in different parts of its orbit. It is greatest at perihelion; thus the barometer reveals a great and startling secret of nature; the atmosphere is the ether; it is universal, the ether is the atmosphere.

Much could be said to substantiate these points, but we will pass on to consider some of the phenomena of a mighty world darting through this etherial sea with inconscionable rapidity and while it is at the same time spinning like a top on its axis.

Gravitation would densify the ether around all heavenly bodies, thus giving to each an atmosphere of compressed ether and differing only from the ether of space in its density. Our atmosphere then has no limit and the breath we now inhale was once mayhap among the Pleiades or swept through the constellations of Orion. In this universal atmosphere is held all the waters of the universe except what by chance rains down on our and similar globes and lies cradled and restless there like a captive monster. Its true home is in the skies and to them it is continually rising, and the water we see and handle came from the infinitude of space and like the air we breathe, is constantly renewed and exchanged.

Through the etherial ocean the heavenly bodies shriek on their courses with the mighty turmoil of their wake howling in their rear.

For the earth to shoot through the ether at such a terrific speed is as though the etherial wind blew in an opposite direction with the speed of the earth's forward motion, a wind, to which if we could reach out our hands they would be snatched away from us in an instant. The commotion immediately surrounding our globe, consequent upon its forward motion is incomprehensible; and it is greatly increased and infinitely complicated by the circumstance of the earth's axial revolution.

The earth is thus a nucleous in the midst of a vast sea of turbulent and warring elements. Enveloped in such surroundings all busy worlds spin on.

But let us now consider the immediate results of the earth's axial revolution upon the surrounding, condensed and restless etherial sea. We shall find the cold air resting on the earth at the poles making its way down the latitudes toward the warm tropics, and as it moves on gradually acquiring the speed of the latitudes over which it moves. On reaching the equatorial regions it moves nearly uniformly with those regions, thus having attained an eastward motion of one thousand miles per hour it lags a little however, thus producing the trade winds of the tropics. But now becoming warm and lighter it must itself rise to follow air which preceeded it toward the poles and give place to other air which follows down from the poles in its wake. But this air so rising makes its way back to the poles over the counter current beneath. But when this air is once away from the earth and free in the upper regions it continues a wind, blowing at the rate of a thousand miles per hour, a force absolutely inconceivable as the most violent hurricane moves only about one hundred miles per hour. This is not the light etherial wind of the interstella spaces but of the heavy, condensed air pressed down upon the central busy earth, and near the very center of the battling elements by which she is surrounded.

What is true of our world is true of all others. Terrific hurricanes and frightful cyclones surround them everywhere and forever. These cyclones are readily seen raging about neighboring worlds, as in Mars, Jupiter and the Sun. They constitute the life of an otherwise dead universe. Each world then is a mighty worker in space—a giant dynamo, generating heat, light and electricity. These forces vary with the size and power of the central spinning orb, and in the case of the mighty Sun they are sufficient to envelope her forever in ceaseless and immeasurable light, and thus is the mystery of her eternal fires explained.

Now let us not be misled by the Eastward movement of the Sun's cyclones the so-called sun spots—into thinking that the sun is 28 days in performing its axial revolution. We do not see the sun, but its white hot and tossing atmosphere—the photosphere—and the cyclones which we see from the earth are floating in it at a great height above the gyrating and solid sun itself. They simply indicate approximately the speed of the sun's equatorial regions. The sun then is a body much smaller than the bright disc which we behold, and must revolve on its axis as often as once in ten or twelve days. We see the battling elements by which he is surrounded—elements warring so fiercely that they give off an insufferable light, and measuring the sun by this greatly extended disc accounts for his low density as compared with that of the earth. The same delusion would mislead us in relation to Jupiter, in which case also we see the incandescent envelope, and not the mighty world itself. The smaller worlds like Venus and Mars and our moon we see through thin transparent air as the forces there are not sufficient to hide them forever in clouds and fire.

But while we view, from without, the storms and cyclones that rage in other worlds, especially in Mars, Jupiter and the Sun, we experience from within, those that rage in our own upper regions, in the character of tornadoes that frequently devastate the land. Tornadoes are simply such cyclones as reach down to and touch the earth's surface. It must be thought however that but few of the cyclones that seethe and rage about the world in the sightless upper air reach down to us in this manner. Their proper home is in the immediate upper regions where they battle forever, hurl at each other incessant electric discharges, and the murderous thunder bolts of Jove. It is well established that the welkin is always charged with electricity, and not merely when thunder storms prevail. The storms are not the cause of the vivid lightning flashes and their thunders, but the thunders are incident upon the titanic battles above. The non-conduct-

ing lower air protects us from the lightnings above like an insulator. When, however, this non-conducting substratum is wet by sudden and violent showers, it becomes a partial conductor and permits occasional bolts to reach the earth. But what do we see in those upper regions of our atmosphere where the commotion of the elements must be most violent? There are the polar lights which have been the wonder of all the ages. We must conclude that our earth, in the family of worlds, is a mighty and busy little world, and that on account of electricity generated by her own powers she barely escape luminosity.

Nashua, N. H., June, 1891.

THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.

By Charles McGregor.

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The quadrature of the circle is one of Nature's great and insolvable mysteries. A polygon can neither be inscribed nor circumscribed of less than an infinite number of sides that shall exactly coincide with the circumference of a circle. But infinity can never be reached by human process, and thus the problem is placed forever beyond human attainment. Approximation, however, can be carried to a wonderful degree of exactitude. The circumference of a circle whose diameter would reach the stars can be calculated within the trillionth of a hair's breadth, but its exact ratio to the diameter can never be found, and those who seek for it, as those who seek the perpetual motion, look for an end where there is no end. They simply demonstrate to the world that they can neither reason deeply nor soundly. The Almighty, however, apparently arrives with ease at perpetual motion and also at infinity in many other instances. Undulations, as those of the sound and light waves may be repeated, not only forever, but perhaps an infinite number in a given period of time. Space and time are infinite. We cannot set a distant bound in either that we might not set another equally distant beyond, and another still, forever. And yet they are full. These three infinitudes, time, space and motion with matter constitute the infinite universe, and in the absence of either one or both of the two first none of the others could exist.

Then there is no exact ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. It is an astonishing and startling fact of Nature and we must conclude, one of vast importance. It is no mere hap or chance. Here is real design. Let us look at the approximation of the problem. It is 3.141592 &c. The circumference of a circle then is 3.1 times its diameter; but it is more than that, it is 3.141; but it is more than that, it is 3.1415 &c. We must suppose that the great intelligence, that created all things, has made this identical calculation before us. We touch that to which God, Himself, has laid his hand. Verily, when we enter the domain of mathematics we are in the very workshop of the Gods. We feel a sense of awe as though in their very presence, and instinctively remove the sandals from off our feet.

The fact having been ascertained that the quadrature of the circle is impossible of human attainment, all rational men should rest here; for what is stated above is all that can ever be known in relation to this subject unless we can comprehend and produce infinity.

But man may properly inquire why this immeasurableness. A condition so strenuously insisted on in nature must be of vast and vital consequence. And may it not be the cause of all life and action by rendering everything, in nature, incapable of equilibrium and rest. We will see. We must suppose all matter to be made up of atoms inconceivably small. Now on account of this impossibility of completing the circle, and also the sphere, no number of atoms can form themselves into a round form, or any form that can be balanced and at rest. There will always exist this unfilled hiatus, amounting to nearly a seventh of one of the composing atoms. Our would be sphere, then, is more or less imperfect, as the final atom cannot be again subdivided to obtain a seventh to fill this little gap. What would the result be among the freely moving and swimming atoms? By natural gravitation, like the rain drops and all free things in nature, they strive to form the sphere. But they can never rest. Like things

of life they busy themselves seeking an end where there is no end. They dance forever about themselves, and of them all some one must always be so precariously poised that it must fall toward the greatest attraction or into the least resistance, and by so doing disturb and upset all its fellows. So no rain drop can assume a perfectly round shape, nor drop of molten lead, and its atoms can be seen to be in violent commotion.

Every particle of matter then that composes the universe is a living and moving creature, and a universe so composed must be everywhere in a hurrying state of vitality and unrest.

And the universal ether, in which all the stars swim, so composed of living molecules, must of itself be a restless and heaving ocean where masses impinging on masses generate those other and minor motions of electricity, light and heat. Dense and heaving oceans of these battling elements surround all the heavenly bodies like a hollow sphere, and enrobe the earth like a garment forever, shedding down upon it a benign and genial warmth, and all the sweet influences of Pleiades. As has been shown in another article, the earth barely escaped luminosity. Had she been a little more mighty, she would be surrounded like the sun and stars, with a sky of ineffable glory.

Nashua, July, 1891.

THE TRUE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE AND A SOLUTION OF SOME OF NATURE'S SECRETS.

By Charles McGregor, July, 1891.

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I purpose in this to explore a field where no one has been before me, or if any have, I am unaware of the fact. In looking forth on nature, the first and most important thing that comforts us is the wonderful activity that prevails everywhere and throughout all the realms of space; the forces that reign there, though invisible are mighty beyond thought. There, innumerable worlds sweep on through mysterious orbits with inconceivable velocity. These worlds vary in size and glory from the unseen particle of dust up to the mighty stars of Orion. These worlds are the solid portions of the universe and in comparison with the remaining or etherial regions are infinitesimally small and exist in universal space as minute and widely separated particles. They all shine either by their own light or revolve and sparkle in the light of others. No thinking mind can avoid the conclusion that the etherial fluids of space are compressed by gravitation about all these worlds, thus, as it were, enrobing each in an atmosphere more or less dense according to the size and density of the central attracting body. Thus our atmosphere and that of all other worlds, is one and the same and is simply the condensed ether and is ever changing as worlds fly through its boundless and crystal ocean on their mysterious errands. The air we inhale now and the water falling from it

was yesterday among the far off stars and all peoples deriving their life therefrom are children, not of the world, but of the illimitable universe instead. By this conception, man's birth and existence is far more wondrous and a thousand fold more dignified than sages have heretofore supposed. All creatures breathe the pure and crystal element and derive form and existence wholly therefrom; for what they otherwise consume as food is from the same boundless reservoir of life; and when they die they do not return to dust but to the same etherial elements of heaven whence they sprung.

Nor can we avoid the conclusion that these mighty seas of condensed ether, so subtle in their nature and so delicately poised about their flying worlds, must be ever in a violent state of unrest. Terrific cyclones and hurricanes rage in the sun's atmosphere and in that of all other worlds and where angry and warring oceans impinge on other oceans forever. Such is a general and comprehensive view of the universe and we discover here that unity and similarity of plan that we should look to find whenever we should hit upon the world's true theory. The mightier the central orb the mightier and more dense its surrounding etherial ocean and the busier that central orb spins upon its axis, or fiies through its orbit, the more active and violent must be their titanic warfare In the sun and all other luminous stars, it is sufficient to involve them forever in ineffable glory. And our own busy world, from this same cause, is ever mildly luminous about the regions of the poles. Were the size of Jupiter and Saturn a few times multiplied they would be bright as the sun, and with him would form a multiple star.

Now let us look, for a moment at the details of Nature. The fundamental creations were probably, time, space, the atom and gravitation. Given these, motion follows and the atoms fall into families and fly forever about each other in an endless chase for equilibrium, but where no equilibrium can ever be reached because of the impossibility of completing the sphere. Here then

we have the universe and the secret of its life. So simple then is her true theory that a child can comprehend it, and at the same time it will explain all her mysteries. It explains the daily and annual periodic variation of the barometer, it explains the phenomena of cyclones, it explains the mysteries of the Aurora and of the sun's eternal light and heat; it explains the mysteries of chemical unions and catalysis and of electricity and electric currents.

Given now the universe of time and space and filled with the original atom, and the law of gravitation and the all important truth that the sphere cannot be formed so that equilibrium and rest, which is darkness and death, can nowhere exist, we may suppose that neighboring atoms will form in families and circle about each other like the world's in space; perhaps the first and simplest formation of such families and that arrangement which they would most naturally fall to would be pairs circling about a common centre, like the binary stars. However this might be that first, simplest and most ready form would naturally constitute the first and most plenteous substance of nature—perhaps the nitrogen. There is then no contact in nature but all circling bodies assume that distance where gravitation and the centrifugal forces exactly balance. This distance, then, would be greater or less, according to the speed of the revolving bodies. That there is no actual contact is readily shown by the elasticity of gases and of all other substances. Even glass freely elongates or compresses within certain limits. This theory supposes the atom everywhere to be the same and of uniform size and to be the last possible division of matter. Two such atoms revolving about a common centre of gravity would follow each other in the same orbit and equidistant. Such simple pairs, each occupying its own minute kingdom of space like the constellations, on which none others intrude, and whose individual atoms may be, comparatively, as widely separated as the stars, may form, as I have said, the most prevalent substance of Nature.

But again, by a chemical union, such pairs might interlace their orbits and yet all work on harmoniously. We thus see that we can have families of fours. There may be families of threes, and these threes may interlace with each other and with the twos in an infinite variety of figures and geometric patterns. Of some of these busy little families, their numbers may be such and the style of their orbits and the rapidity of their motions such as to facilitate a union with certain other forms so that they shall coalesce such together and as it were grasp each other and become involved within each other with great force like the molecules of oxygen and hydrogen; and two of one to one of another or in other proportions thus forming all Nature's infinite variety.

All material nature then is built up, in wondrously woven patterns, of the one same and only and unvarying thing—the final atom. They thus form in families that circle and dance about each other with an inconceivable rapidity, gathered by constant forces acting through all ages. It may be thought that the numbers of atoms constituting some families and the style of their involved orbits may facilitate a higher rate of speed than some others and on these circumstances may depend the strength of materials. We must think that these velocities amount to millions of revolutions per second in the slowest of substances and to many millions in others. Such families are the molecules of nature, and if we could look fine enough we should see that the steel is an aggregation of such busy molecules, with intricately interlaced orbits, and each one of which is a living and a mighty creature. Its surface beats with a perfect rythm. Putting our hand on the polished marble we feel that it is rife with life and motion in all its component particles. Stone placed on stone will, in ages, crawl to considerable distances as can be observed in many instances and because of the rythmic life of their inpinging surfaces.

It being now that the final atom is one and invariably the

same, why may not an atom from the air or other medium, supply the place of one, or intrude itself into the place of one already locked up and doing duty in the iron, and instantly thereupon the supernumery atom be displaced from molecule to molecule throughout the whole chain, and be thus instantaneously given off at the other end? We thus have a positive and negative pole, and if we can by any means facilitate this process of interchange, we shall awake a sensible current, and this phenomenon is known as electricity. We may conceive that any substance can thus be constantly renewed at one end and dissipated at the other, and yet retain its integrity, and this change go on so rapidly as to give off a mighty stream of atoms or molecules, each one of which is a little giant, and whose united force would be equivalent to the strength of the conducting body for each layer composing a section thereof; this change is the natural condition of all bodies. The electric current then is simply a simultaneous exchange of similar atoms or systems of atoms in a chain or organism of interlaced molecules. And thus there must be a completed circuit, or no such current can exist; and we do know that there is such constant change in all bodies, both animate and inanimate. It is so in our own bodies, and in the great globe itself, the atoms of all bodies tend to exchange with all other bodies. The atomic forces in rapidity outrun the sight, and their united force is prodigious beyond computation, the impact of one however minute monad making six or ten hundred millions of millions of revolutions per second, in its orbit, would be something marvellous, and if so, what must be the united momentum of their absolutely countless million, all busily spinning in a bit of steel?

But let us study simplicity. There are certain primal creations: they are time, space, and gravitation—eternal and boundless, and yet everywhere full, of what? primarily of the units of nature—ones—the monad, which is the final atom and the last possible subdivision of matter. But now on

account of the unfathomable law of gravitation and the fact that the circle cannot be completed, they begin most readily to fall into pairs, moving about each other, not in circles but elipses. But about as readily they fall into threes, which would be the next simpler form—then twos can combine with threes in infinite varieties, thus forming molecules of fives more or less complicated and ponderous, according to the number of atoms in the combinations, and the intricacy and closeness of their involved orbits. One family of atoms may be of such a nature as to be wholly involved and swallowed up within another, and yet each keep on its harmonious courses without friction or collisions. So the different combinations of twos with threes and some, may be, with retrograde motions—must be recovered, not by millions nor trillions, but by absolute infinity itself. Here, then, we have the primal facts of nature—the great centre round which everything else revolves, and all inquiring minds should start here, and think from this point outward.

Atoms then, in the depths of space, may by a chemical change form the nebulous clouds, that eventually condense to little bodies, chasing each other in elipses, like Saturn's rings, and whose aggregation shall give rise to new worlds and systems. And thus the act of creation is not finished but eternal.

As is seen, the atoms primarily falling into circling families of twos or threes can not change that first style or plan, but some one of the atoms of each may exchange place with a neighboring atom, and at which instant a corresponding exchange must take place from molecule to molecule throughout a cycle more or less extended: that is the electric current. The material universe then is made up of molecules, each one of which is a busy family of gyrating monads, and each one of which is therefore, in itself, a living and inconceivably mighty creature. They are not only inconceivably active, but also inconceivably minute. Both their activity and minuteness are shown by the experiment of a grain of musk, which on being exposed imme-

diately pervades a wide apartment with its particles, and which become sensible by impinging upon and burying themselves in the olfactory nerves and membranes, and keep up this process of evaporation, as it were, though the air of the apartment may be constantly changed, through a long series of years, and yet without exhibiting any sensible diminution of bulk. And yet the musk may be constantly renewed, like the waters of the ocean, by the electric principal of neighboring atoms from surrounding media, taking the place of those that thus escape. The atom will never be seen, nor the simple molecule, from the fact that it is far too small to reflect a ray of light. In fact these little creatures would be buried in a light-wave, like a pebble in a wave of the ocean. For light itself is simply myriads of molecules in wavelike motion. And thus the atom in motion is the light. Similar wavelike motion, but of varying rapidity, are sound and heat and actinism. And thus the atom and motion is sound and actinic force. We now see three primal motions in nature. First this gigratory motion of the final monad, which combines all together in coteries—the molecules—and then this wave motion, whereby they move to and fro in mass, with varying rapidity, and with an intensity depending on the depth or height of the wave. And thirdly, this atomic interchange, which is the mysterious electric current. And again, all move in oceanic masses on the wings of the wind everywhere and forever. As has been already shown, the winds of heaven are always at war, and charge upon each other with relentless fury.

We must suppose the wave motions to pervade nature from its centre to its utmost confines, so that all life and all the universe is rythm and music. Their strokes we may say, vary in rapidity from rest up to countless millions per second. So there are tones of every pitch. The human ear is so constituted that it takes note of certain of these tones, from say 32 per second, up through a range of 8 or 10 octaves. And the

human eye takes note of certain other tones much higher, but through only one octave. There is reason why the eye should read but one octave, for its last note is red, and the first note in the octave above would be red again, and all its colors a mere repetition. But we must not think that those we see and hear are the only ones that exist—they are infinite. Those to which we are blind and deaf, are heard and seen of other creatures, and who perhaps are themselves blind and deaf to those which we see and hear. So nature thrills with life and light and rythmic activities in every part. But this instantaneous exchange or interchange of atoms among themselves, thus ever renewing the molecules, is a very important motion of nature, which we must never forget nor overlook. An atom cannot leave its own coterie, and intrude itself into a neighboring coterie, except one instantly leap from that to another, to give it room, and another must as instantly fill the first one's deserted place. So a circuit must be completed. All are precariously poised, and ever ready, on the slightest impulse to dart forth on their mystic errands, and such a phenomenon is superinduced by the battling winds and all violence, friction and commotion.

In great masses it amounts to a lightning flash, and unremittent flashes are the light of suns and stars and the visible life of the universe. Motion, then, which exists among the monads, because the sphere cannot be completed, is the great cause of life, and without it all nature would be dead and buried in silence and eternal night.

Chemical unions, then, are unions between molecules, effected by an involution of the orbits, of their component gyrating atoms. Of such unions are all the organisms of nature built up. The human body or a tree are simply divinely ingenious laboratories, where this process of growth and dissipation is constantly going on. And thus grow the leaves of springtime, the flowers and all the pure and beautiful foundations of earth or heaven. The human form, then, is an aggregation of the

spinning molecules, clinging, united and combined together, like the buzzing swarm, and continually renewed within and dissipated without at every part.

The minuteness of the atoms is wonderful. We see microscopic animalculae, millions of which disport in a drop of water, and these provided with jaws, to prey upon their inferiors. Yet each is a perfect organism, a single corpuscle of whose racing blood must be composed of myriads of molecules, each composed of other myriads of the final monads. How truly it may be said that human vision is limited—what we see is little, what we do not see is infinite.

Such are some of the secrets of nature, and under some omnisient guiding hand, all her marvels are produced and reproduced forever, and each probably with a spiritual essence or effluvia pervading and surrounding it, like a halo of invisible glory, and shading off into surrounding space, like the attraction of gravitation, with a geometrically decreasing force, as the square of the distance increases, and reaching out to and exerting an influence on all other creatures, as distant unseen stars

> With wondrous powers,
> Affect this lowly world of ours.

The visible growth of an organism is its material life, and is a mere mechanical process, however divinely ingenious and complicated it may be, and all such growths depend upon nicely poised and precarious conditions, and all soon, by accident or some natural process of decay, fall back again to the primal molecules, whose aggregation was their material being, and palpable to human sense and vision.

The molecules in such an organism fall into perfect and uniform system, and into a purely rythmic and harmonious style of orbit among themselves, and in an healthy organism made up of countless myriads of such molecules so wondrously involved, and yet each in itself, keeping on its own regular courses, per-

fect harmony and musical rythm must exist: and this rythm and harmony is health. And the constant exchange of such molecules for other and new ones, as the old become slowed by this normal process being used, is continued life, and the molecules given off as dead matter, because of their speeds being reduced, escape again to the universal ether, where by the constantly acting law of gravitation, they soon regain their wonted life, and are then evermore ready for further use, or to fly on through illimitable space among their unnumbered fellows. Now a discordant element being introduced, which shall change the harmony of part or all the molecules of a being is disease. Such discordant molecules are poison.

But it seems that time and space and the primal monad, and the attraction of gravitation are positive creations of some mighty first, far beyond our limited comprehension, and the present reaches of our soul.

But all organisms of earth, however fearfully and wonderfully made, are necessarily gross and ponderous, and in this respect very unlike the airy creatures of the sky, or those spiritual beings, who having cast off their material bodies, now reside in the pure and luminous ether. Earthly creatures stand upon the earth as on a footstool, and must be strong and muscular, to withstand its mighty gravitation and all the inimical forces that war about and are incident to such a dangerous and aphemeral home. Man long entertained the narrow and selfish idea that there was no life, except that of earth, and that his own life and existence was the only and final desideratum of Nature. If this were true, then an infinitesimal grain of sand, lost in illimitable space, is the great end and aim of God, and the otherwise boundless universe and its endless millions of worlds, a mere waste, or only made to shine for man, a creature so minute and insignificant, that we see on every hand he is regarded no more in nature than is a poor worm—nay, or the leaf on which it feeds. This is a manifest absurdity. Every world in

nature is rife with life, as is our own little globe where even the sea and ice throb with countless myriads. We may safely say this: Where there is light there is life, and light is everywhere. The stars that twinkle on the remotest confines of space everywhere light up the universe, like the eternal city of God; and there are oceans of invisible stars beyond our human view, for space though boundless is full; and the light waves and the actinic wave which are above or below the light wave in tons, are everywhere and forever busy at work weaving the invisible ether into endless, useful and fantastic forms of life and beauty. And all of which as continually dissipate again into the viewless forms of air. And it is to us the grandest and most beautiful truth of Nature, that all spirits live on after the fall of the body. It is a great truth: we are such stuff as dreams are made of; and freed spirits have the power under certain propitious circumstances, by this wondrous atomic and molecular scheme, to weave about themselves their discarded forms anew, and have thus oftimes presented themselves to ocular vision, and held gracious converse with dear ones left behind.

It is fair to presume that without light—and by this term we mean all those vibratory tones which pervade and thrill the whole universe, be they low or high, or such as are not recognized by the human ear or eye—the world would be dead. But these wondrous messengers of the skies, with omnipresent deft and busy fingers fabricate beings innumerable, that live and move and think, and are closely related to each other in the great republic of the universe,

> For every plant or flower or bird,
> In nature's Edens seen or heard,
> Are all endued with spirits chaste,
> Akin to all our human race:
> And are involved in golden ties,
> With everything that blooms or flies,
> In lake or lane or shady wood,
> In one unbroken sisterhood.

But what a beauteous thing is the light; and it is an agent of infinite force and import, spreading out from the sun, in an ever widening sphere, after traversing immeasureable depths of space, suddenly it found a single minute, almost infinitesimal ray, stopped in its flight by the otherwise dead and opaque globe. But light is a busy agent; she is a thrifty goddess; she is never idle; she found the world dark and dead, but touching it, it woke from sleep and was clothed with life and verdure. But if a single lost ray could work such magic here, what must be the great work of all the infinite floods of light, in all the boundless infinitude of time and space? For we must think that its special mission is there, and that its work here, though to us so marvellous and mighty, is a mere side issue, incidental to a single obstructed beam. Then the life of all worlds is incidental. But all space is filled with Nature's wondrous handiwork, and intelligent creatures and viewless forms are even here. Myriads of kindly eyes look upon us, and spiritual existences walk by our sides or stand by us in our thinking hours, whom we see not, but whom we may see and greet as friends in a future state. The intuitions of poetic minds hit happily on many great truths which are not susceptible to ocular proof, and such infallable intuitions people space with rare and happy creatures. Such concurrent intuitions are prompted by nature, and are always right, and except they be right, then all the universe is a waste, only our own little world and which, as compared with the universal city of God, is like an invisible particle of mist, lost on the boundless shores of eternity. And it is palpable to thinking, and almost indisputable that a spiritual part of ourselves shall live on, when these ephemeral and ponderous bodies dissolve again to air.

Nature, in all her works, aims at a happy perfection; and she arrives there in all instances, so far as we can see, except where she is interfered with by the intermeddling of foolish man. The bees, in a natural state, are all perfect; there is not

a single diseased or faulty one to propagate his imperfections. Should such an imperfect one appear, he is immediately led out to execution. But poor man, to show that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, assists the leper to live, and spread disease and suffering and death to all the future. And for this cause disease infests the race. Out of miscalled charity to one poor mortal, they thus poison the whole stream of humanity, and make countless thousands mourn. Inebriety and insanity and consumption, and all mental and moral failings and sufferings are due to this cause and to this cause alone. Man brings affliction upon himself, and if our spirits live after us, then we are sending into the future state throngs of unhappy immortals. We therein fight against nature, and are guilty of great and irreparable wrong to all mankind and unpardonable sin against heaven.

Light then is a mere rythmic motion of molecules in matter, and the same may be said of all the actinic powers of heaven; and these actinic powers assist the multiform molecules to chemical unions or interlaced orbits whereby they may combine so freely and so plentifully as to become bodily involved in each other, and so build up organisms which are thereby vastly more ponderous than the pure and free elements of the primal ether. These actinic rays are themselves no part of the structure of materials and nature's wondrous fabrications, but they simply assist the multifarious molecules—by a weaving process, to unite—and thereby act the part of catalysis. As certain molecules given off by a neighboring substance, may help others to a union by their mere accidental presence and assistance. Here are richly caparisoned horses and ladies ready dight, but unassisted they cannot mount. Certain lackeys now appear and lend a deft hand, when immediately the proud steeds each dash away with their graceful riders.

But there is a wide hiatus between the highest tone recognized by the human ear, and the lowest tone seen by the human eye;

this is a wide gulf in which we neither see nor hear. And why need the eye be restricted to so high an octave? Because all substances reflect those tones that are in unison with their revolving monads. If we can, then, calculate the speed of the light waves, we then shall know something of the wondrous speed of these revolutions. It is in the lowest tone—red—about 460 millions of millions per second, and in the highest—violet—nearly double that, 730 millions of millions. And as materials can reflect no other tones, they would remain invisible, except the eye was adapted to these special tones. The surface of all substances so wondrously woven of the living molecules, must be a living surface, and throbbing like the crinkled ocean, but unlike the ocean, beating with a uniform and rythmic motion, and a motion sometimes such as to propagate light waves themselves in a mild form. Every substance in nature, then, throbs with a rythm peculiar to itself, and which rythm must necessarily coincide with some one of the tones of light. Solids then can reflect light from their surfaces, without themselves participating bodily, in those vibratory motions that produce light, and which are light. But when solids do bodily throb with those vibrations, then that is sensible heat, and under the influence of which its molecules fly asunder, dissolve their coherence and dissipate, again to air.

How beautiful and wonderful, then, and simple are all the fabrications of nature. Everywhere is music; light is music; sound is music, and the stability of all material things depends wholly on musical rythm and harmony. Introducing an element of discord, the combined molecules immediately unlock, break, separate and fly again to the boundless etherial ocean. Plunge the hot iron, vibrous with its abnormal heat, into water or gunpowder, thus imparting a discord by direct and positive contact, the combined molecules thereof at once fly asunder, and then occupy many times more space than when combined, and interlaced so as to be absorbed and swallowed up in each other's

embrace. In the combined state they are involved in each other, each overlapping into its neighbors, and thereby forming one living and busy mass. It may be that all known creatures see in the same scale that we do, but the animalculae must hear in a much higher scale for countless myriads of them would drown in one of the waves that affect the human ear. But their ears may be so refined that they hear the sweet music of the steel, or humming of the marble, as we hear the Aeolian harp or unaccountable solemn and dulcet tones that sometimes sweep over the hushed ocean at evening tide—perhaps the sound of the battling winds above us, or, more likely, the groaning of old ocean's caverns as the earth's crust with its prodigious pressure, shrinks and shrivels on its internal cooling vapors. And ofttimes we see the patient herd, cease their cud, and listen intently and in mute wonder to tones which we hear not. Compared with smaller creatures, man's ear is gross and dull as lead.

It is wonderful how elastic and sonorific is the ambient air, that presses down upon us, and how readily it responds to our every lightest touch. The startling echo shows it in mountain fastnesses and in many a beautiful woodland nook, and voices are reflected and repeated, even by clouds and by bright lakes where lillies grow, from earth to heaven, and from the happy face of heaven, back to earth again. Thus the glassy essence of the endless ether rests upon all things and with a tension so delicate and responsive, that no movement can be made within it, blow struck nor voice uttered, that the telltale elements do not repeat it to all the listening universe forever. For movements once made can never be recalled, nor their effects cancelled, and thus the life of every creature goes faithfully on record in heaven, moment by moment, as he lives it, as though entered in mighty tomes by recording angels; and where it may be referred to and read by spiritual intelligences, and even by ourselves, when in a future state, thus man's life is preserved, to

its minutest details, like foot-prints in the perdurable adamant. How patiently then, like the grazing herd, should we undergo life's troubles and trials, its disappointments and sorrows, that that record's non-palimsic scroll may be without blemish—pure as grace. pity and mercy, and the white mantle of charity.

O, yes, it is a physical fact,
  Not even a word can die—
The evil deed, the goodly act,
  Forever climb the sky;

And if physical things, thus ought
  To cycle on for aye;
Most surely then, the merest thought
  Forever speeds away.

And so it is—I see it well,
  Such conservation reigns on high,
That all we do or think or tell,
  Will soon confront us in the sky.

The effect of a blow in nature is a wonderful thing. It simply results in vibrations that run on and on up the gamut to those inconceivable velocities known to us as sound, heat, light and actinism, and such a disturbance of Nature's seeming rest, superinduces the atomic exchange, which we call electricity. Each exertion produces its exact equivalent of those mysterious powers, and they go on again to weave the leaf and bud and higher forms of material life. We may well suppose that there is a certain fixed amount of real material in the universe, and from it are, by these busy agencies, fabricated all ponderable things; and when they fall, that material remains, to be used again and again in new and other creations forever. Just so with force. It is generated, primarily, by the atoms dancing about each other, impelled by the law of gravitation, as has been already explained. They, thereby, attain a certain infinitude of speed. By checking these monadic movements, we receive their impact, and so steal away their subtle power, which we may use in life, and so return again to the universe just what

we had so received. Of power so lent us, we may waste a blow on a tree-trunk, and so cause it to shiver in all its parts, like the aspen. It seemingly causes stilled matter to move again and stir with visible and audible life. Such force, so lent us, for a season and so seemingly, wantonly, re-delivered, is not lost in the endless field of air, but is simply returned to the boundless source from whence it came.

But what is the exact amount of material in the universe? It is the amount of the ever-prevalent and originally evenly dispersed atoms. And what is the exact amount of power or force in the universe? It is the momentum acquired by the busy atoms circling about each other in eclipses, like the stars of space. And when in the primal dawn of creation, they were universally dispersed—before they had begun to coalesce and enter into chemical unions, and complicated combinations to build up worlds and people them with infinite forms of life and beauty. The busy molecules and their chemical unions are life. By them all things are fabricated, and thus even the rocks are living. Things and by the electric principle their constant renewal and dissipation goes on forever. The great globe itself thrills with life to its very centre. It is a magnet, like all things else. It constantly receives new life at one magnetic po'e and parts with it at another. And by this flowing current the magnetic needle is ever swung to its course.

Electricity, then, is well nigh instantaneous. But light and other wave motions require time to traverse space. In fact the higher the rate of vibration, the more rapidly rays travel. While vibrations of sound, of say 32 per second, propagate themselves, say 60 feet per second, those of light, of say 800 millions of millions will propagate themselves nearly 200,000 miles in the same length of time. And it is for this reason that the higher light waves are bent more out of their course in passing through a prism than the lower or red rays. All things in plunging at an angle from a lighter into a denser medium are

bent downward out of their course, more or less, according to the speed with which they enter the denser medium. And thus the solar spectrum is formed, and all the marvellous beauties of refracted light exhibited in the rainbow, in the morning and evening skies, and the cloudlands of twilight, and by means of which inverted ships and cities are sometimes seen suspended in heaven.

We, then, are to suppose that the atoms and molecules composing a substance, are always inconceivably busy among themselves, not only, but that there is a continual change going on, whereby atoms from surrounding media are being received at the positive pole, of all material things, and a corresponding number as uniformly given off at the negative pole. So there is always an electric current, however feeble, forever flowing from every substance to every other substance in the universe. If such a tendency is universal and general, may it not explain the mystery of gravitation? For if all the atoms of a body tend to other bodies, it would amount to a general attraction, just such as gravitation is. But this is a very doubtful supposition. I am inclined to regard gravitation as a primal and fundamental creation, like the atoms and time and space.

All creatures, then, are thus wonderfully woven things of light and heaven; all their component particles are precariously poised; they form or fall on slight impulse; they do not die, for they cannot. But they change, and all their acts and words and thoughts must live forever and everywhere. Nature's material simplicity and unity, then, is wondrous and astonishing. In all time and space there is nothing but the spinning atom.

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

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By the Mosaic account of creation man appeared on the earth some four thousand years ago. But Moses was sometimes mistaken. It is now known beyond question that our race occupied the world very many thousand years prior to the time fixed by Moses; the date fixed by him is but as yesterday in the great drama of human life. And then as now multitudinous other races were companions of man in the great republic of the universe, and were placed there by the Almighty and treated as his equals in all respects. It may be truly said that God is justice and God is love; that God is nature and nature is God. But his great law of the survival of the fittest was written across the face of heaven so plainly that all living creatures could read it; and there arose among all races a struggle for supremacy and superiority. There was the strife for food which kept the faculties always on the strain; and the constant vigilance and defense against enemies made the life of all one continuous battle which developed the powers of both mind and body in accordance with the high mandate of God and the fixed laws of nature. And to this end different races evolved different faculties. The poltroons of nature betook themselves to indolence and armor, and to burrowing in the earth like the armadillo, and in which case both body and mind sank into insignificance. Some beautiful and daring spirits became fleet of foot and wing, like antelopes and the birds, and by activity and address not only acquired their food but escaped their

enemies. And others were strong and brave, as the lion. The various parts so developed were multifarious and infinite as the boundless realms of the universe itself. Man evolved a superior intellect which many centuries ago attained a marvellous height, but he remained greatly inferior to many other races in mere physical powers. But each race and each individual evolved a body and wore it ever about with him which exactly matched and indicated the spirit which dwelt within; he could deceive nobody but himself and his face was read of all others like an open book. The idiot and the sluggard and the glutton are recognized at a glance and are shunned of all good men like the deadly night shade and the upas tree.

How marked is the difference of the physical bearing of a Washington or a Webster and the untutored savages of earth. This difference is one of the spirit and not of the flesh. It is that spirit that dwells within and looks forth at the windows of the eyes. It is well approved that great intellects were in the world before the invention of letters. There were giants in those days; there were beautiful cities; cultivated fields, waving in the sunlight; pastoral scenes, flocks and herds and tinkling bells and milkmaids, and all was peace and light as summer. But except some mere chance snatches their thoughts and their history perished with them, because there was no known means of fixing their ideas in some permanent form, so as to pass down the river of time. But the faculty of memory was greatly developed in those golden days which preceded the invention of letters; for without letters men were driven to exert their memory and thereby cultivate it to the extent that their history and poetry and tradition were passed

down the generations, like a torch, by the mysterious function of remembrance. It is wonderful to reflect that the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer were held in memory and sung by minstrels, and so handed down the ages until they reached the time of letters and were then fixed in a permanent form as a priceless legacy from those long lost bright years to all coming time. And as showing the state of the human intellect at that early period, these poems still rank as the greatest achievements of the human mind, and it is indisputable that they were understood and appreciated by those ancient peoples. Imagination had a wider empire in those days when man had not sought out so many inventions, for not knowing what was the moon or the rainbow they could imagine a thousand beautiful things, while later ages having solved their mystery are bound down to mere fact and commonplace reality. Early man lived in this beautiful and poetical world like the birds and bees, among flowers, and died in a free and perfect state of nature. He was untrammelled. He lived on the fruit of his own labor. He was just. He could sleep of nights. He had no regrets for his past nor fears for his future. The greatest thought then, as now, that ever occupied the human mind was man's individual responsibility to his Maker. Man was not his brother's keeper to any great extent, but each felt his personal responsibility, and that in all things he should work out his own salvation. But the doctrine of original sin and that babes were damned on the instant of birth, was then unknown to the world. And there was no mediator between man and God; no self-constituted agent of God of whom he could purchase pardon for crime against his fellows or sin against heaven. He must

therefore live justly perforce. Nor was there any scheme in vogue in the world by which the most dastard murderer could attain heaven by a death-bed repentance, while his innocent victim went down to eternal hell.

But designing men arose who schemed to live upon the toil of others and so shirk their own natural share of the hardships of life. They were priests. They invented gods; they invented heavens; they invented hells; they invented devils; they inspired in the minds of their dupes a fear of death, a thing before unknown to the world. This fear of death is a teaching of priests, and untold terror and suffering has sprung therefrom. But the desire and longing for future existence is a thing in nature. But this fear being once established, priests held the people in ignorance and superstitious awe and ground them between fear of hell and hope of heaven as between the upper and nether millstones. But it was always fixed that hell could be escaped and heaven attained by bringing tithes to the priests and the firstling of their flocks. This was the cloven-footed monster that entered the garden of Eden and laid waste the once happy world. Priestcraft rose with the human intellect, took the world by the throat and never relaxed its grasp.

So there was no hell for those who paid freely to those ancient priests, nor did the priests ever raise the question where or how they obtained their money. They took the last groat without compunction, if mothers starved and innocent children went unfed, unhoused, and unclad. Down through the ages the gods that men have been thus taught to fear are multifarious as the autumn leaves and most of them equally insignificant and impotent, and it became a very true and proper say-

ing that an honest god was the noblest work of man. In the palmy days of Greece and Rome the gods increased to some twenty-five or thirty thousand. They were convivial and lascivious to the last degree. The whole synod of them could dance on Mt. Olympus and all of them get as drunk as old Noah. They were in land and sea and sky and air, and all nature so full of these invisible deities that one could scarce expectorate except he spat in some god's eye. These gods were very sensitive in all matters of punctilis,—very easily offended, and although the great American weed, tobacco, was then unknown, yet it was considered quite an offense to thus spit in a god's eye, and to appease him all in the presence immediately fell to some act of worship. Even to sneeze was dangerous. Xenophon records in his Anabasis that during the march of that ten thousand bravest Greek soldiers, and best trained that ever bore arms, that if one happened to sneeze all within hearing immediately fell to worship the gods, as do the peasants in the "Angelus" when they hear the church bells ring. But Jupiter, the greatest god of the warlike Romans, is of no more account to-day than a fly, and yet those brave peoples were held by priests in such ignorance and dread that they dare scarce pronounce his name. The earnings of the masses instead of being retained by the toilers themselves to build for themselves homes and ameliorate their own condition, were filched from them to build palaces and store larders and wine cellars for priests and to erect temples and statues to the gods, who at this time were so numerous that their priests could not call them by name. It was a common fable that gods often descended to earth, had illegitimate children, stole maidens and wives and

carried them off to heaven. It was about as common for gods to have children as for children to have gods. Greek and Roman mythology is full of them. and they were all a loose and convivial race. And their priests were like them. It were as unreasonable to suppose that they should be better than the gods they served as that streams should rise above their fountain head. But one peculiarity pertained to all these religions and all these gods: Each was the only true religion and each god was the only true god.—almighty. omnipresent. creator of heaven and earth and space and time and sense. and eternal as infinite ages. It seems strange to us that such brave and intelligent men as the old Greeks and Romans could be so grossly misled. But in all religious matters they were held in darkness and all independent thought stamped out, lest people should open their eyes. assert their true manhood. and the whole pious fraud fall to earth in a single night. But all now agree on one thing. both Jew and Gentile.—That all these gods and all these religions were frauds and falsities. and that they were foisted upon the world by designing priests in order that they might tithe the toiling millions and thereby live themselves in ease and luxury. False priests! False gods! False hell! False devil! False doctrine! What an emancipation it would be if all such frauds. as by a mighty hurricane. could be now swept away and all earth's peoples stand up free in God's pure air and sunshine.

But let us for a few moments glance at the old fire worshippers of Ancient Egypt. The pyramids and ruins of monuments and temples and mighty cities like Heliopolis show to-day that the masses were distrained to forego their own good and toil for

useless things. The labor wasted on the pyramids alone would build homes for teeming nations. Heliopolis was the city of the sun, which was their greatest god, and for which the first day of the week was named. The second day of the week was named for their second greatest god, the moon, or monday now Monday; the third, Tuesday for Tuesco, Wednesday for Woden, Thursday for Thor, Friday for Frigo and Saturday for old Saturn. And so each day of the week was named for a heathen deity and the names have come down to our times. And this shows with what tenacity such things are held by succeeding generations; they cling like the barnacles of habit and old customs, and in which respect some other races of animals show as little sense as men. The modern dog, when about to lie down upon the floor, generally turns his body several times around, not because of any necessity now existing for such an act, but because of a habit which his ancesters acquired by a similar motion to tread the grass and so form for himself a comfortable nest. And so the ancient priests of the old fire worshippers addressed their prayers to the rising sun, looking toward him with closed eyes, because of his fierce rays, and with their hands held in a certain prescribed position, and to this day the same habit is followed by the priests of nearly all modern religions and in our land certainly is a most ridiculous and unmeaning thing and disgusting to all thinking men. It is a curious paradox that closing the eyes should open the eyes; for nothing ever so opened my eyes to the folly of all false religions as this senseless habit of closing the eyes when at prayer as though addressing the sun. It is a habit silly to the last degree and I never witness it without feeling a deep sense of shame that men in our enlightened age

can thus stoop to a trick that would shame a beast. And from the old fire worshippers were derived prayers and many expressions and phrases in use to-day. The eloquence of so-called holy writ is largely stolen therefrom. "Arise thou with healing in thy wings," "Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us," "A burning and a shining light," and all similar expressions which were beautiful and appropriate when addressed to the rising sun, become mere senseless and unmeaning jargon when falling from the lips of modern priests. Even the Lord's prayer, so-called, is stolen from this same great source.

But under these false gods man attained his highest intellectual state, for under them they did not butcher men for discovery in science or for invention in art nor burn them at the stake for heresy But the machinery of this great scheme of religion on account of its multiplicity of gods was become cumbrous and unwieldy, and at the opening of the Christian era a new and simpler scheme was set on foot but based on the traditions and fables of the old. But there were some separate peoples who had their own peculiar gods and their own peculiar religions. Among these were the Jews. They apparently had but one god, Jehovah, and whose name they were forbidden to pronounce. And when the old church fathers looked about for a new and simpler scheme of worship they struck upon this, but it seemed a little too much to drop all at once from thirty thousand gods down to one, and so they added two more, one of whom was the illegitimate son of one of the others, and all of whom came to earth, alighted on mountain tops, and ascended to heaven in clouds and fire for all the world as did the old Greek and Roman gods on Mount Olympus. We have already seen how com-

mon a thing it was for gods to descend to earth, conduct themselves in a convivial and lascivious manner, have children, and ascend to heaven again. And a day was set apart by the Jews, to Jehovah, called the Sabbath, which word simply meant a day of rest. Now it was nothing new for gods to have a day set apart for them as I have already shown: each day of the week was set apart for some god and each bears his distinctive name to-day. And besides this every day in the calendar is set apart to some saint or hero, and the months generally named for some saint or god or hero, and all the planets named for gods and many of the constellations so there is nothing new here, nor do we find much new in the new scheme except a dropping of numbers in order to simplify the old religion and so to facilitate the priestly office.

And the Jews had a bible, and there is nothing new in that. Many religions had their bibles: there are the writings of Confucius, the Mohammedan bible and the old Sibylline books, and we can never know how much of the New Testament is based on the Sibylline books as they were sacredly guarded and were destroyed when Nero burned Rome. But let us consider what the Jewish bible relates in regard to the establishment of the week of seven days and of the Sabbath. That book says that God made the universe in six days and rested on the Sabbath, wherefore he blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, and thus the week of seven days is accounted for,—the idea here conveyed is that after such a week's work Jehovah was tired and needed rest. Now we know that the universe was not made three or four thousand years ago, nor in six days, nor millions of years, but that the act of creation is going on to-day just as it has from

all time. But these calculations in regard to the week of seven days and to the Sabbath were obviously made by men who did not know that the world was a globe revolving on its axis in universal sunlight, and a mere infinitesimal speck in the universe of God. Day then is a continuous thing, gliding round the earth like the shades of evening, and the orient morn—a never-ending thing forever till the sun shall be blotted out in eternal night. If one remains in one place he is carried by the earth's forward movement under the sun and round again through the shades of night; but there is no such a thing as a fixed day or a fixed night except for that man who remains rooted to one place like a tree. What becomes of the sacred day to one who shall approach the poles, or to one in our latitude who, starting at noon, shall travel westward six or eight hundred miles per hour, thus keeping the sun always in his zenith; and one travelling eastward at this rate would have two days in one; and one making the full circuit of the earth westward must lose a day, and eastward must gain a day and in any event must trespass on the Sabbath and thereby lose his eternal soul. If one on Monday noon should be instantly transposed to the opposite side of the world he would find himself in midnight and when the blessed sun arose no philosopher of earth could tell him whether it was yesterday or tomorrow. So the Sabbath is a myth; the days are all alike; they are all alike divine; they are all alike the Lord's. What is Monday to us is Tuesday or Sunday to our antipodes, and navigators have agreed upon a meridian where they change the day by a fixed rule so as to avoid confusion in their dates and reckonings. One who believes in the Sabbath then must stand rigidly fixed in one spot or lose his eternal soul, though it

must be admitted that such a narrow minded man could not have much of a soul to lose. Such a man would be a mere peg in a hole, albeit he might serve the purposes of the old tithing Jewish priests, for to all such there would be no art or science or learning, no march of civilization, no steamboat lines, no railway trains, no thought, no use of judgment, but simply a machine to toil on in ignorance and squalor, and give the first fruits and the firstlings of his flocks to the priests.

But I have something to say about the division of time that modern preachers do not teach our children nor preach in modern pul its. How natural as the human intellect arose to select the day as the most marked and natural division of time. They were called suns. "So many suns will I serve you." "After so many suns will I visit you." And in northern latitudes where the human intellect first arose there was old winter with his ice and snows, and succeeding summer when the streams were unlocked and all nature burst into life and beauty, and bud and bloom ripened on hill and dale, to waving fields of grain and all the golden fruits of autumn How natural then to count the years as they sped away and when the days flew by like a weaver's shuttle. Sages in the late afternoon of life could recount to the young their deeds of chase and prowess done, and relate that so many snows had frosted their white heads. And for still another division of time it was noted that the moon made her way around the world twelve times a year, thus dividing the year into twelve moons or months, and as the moon was twenty-eight days in making her journey, still further division gave four weeks of seven days each. Now by this perfectly natural and simple means the week of seven days is

accounted for, and the other scheme is a myth and a fraud which was an invention of priests and was by them imposed upon the world for priestly purposes and for a selfish and a wicked end. Day and night and the heavenly bodies were watched by early man and their movements and the resulting changes of seasons became the horologe of nature. All fell to read and count them as naturally as the ten fingers of the two hands, whereby resulted our decimal system of notation. It is very evident that if the moon had been thirty-two days in making her journey the fortnight would have been of sixteen days and the week eight instead of seven days as now. That division of time thus was established by early man, and is one of four things which I shall mention that reach down to us from the very dawn of the human intellect. Another of these four things is the decimal system of notation. The others are two great festivals which have come down to us from remotest antiquity. These were both diverted from their original meaning and fraudulently perverted to serve the purposes of the church. The one is now by them called Christmas, and has been made to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, although it is very well known that such birth could not have taken place at that time of the year, as it is recorded that shepherds were watching their flocks by night, and as it was in the height of their winter this would be a manifest absurdity. The other festival preserve its old name. Their significance is now belittled until it is unworthy of mention. They were originally the Saturnalia and the Easter. The Saturnalia was celebrated in honor of Saturn, who was the god of agriculture and perhaps the oldest of all the deities of mythology. He was married to one Mrs.

Ops, the goddess of labor, and by her had many children. This festival was celebrated in the fall after the harvest. They made merry because the year's work was done and the fruits of their labor and the rich bounties of nature were gathered into garners. It appears to have been a spontaneous outburst of gratitude to God for his kindly care and provision for all his children. The other was also in honor of a pagan deity, Easter, who was the fabled goddess of the morning and of the spring-time which was the morning of the year. This occasion of rejoicing was the rising of the sun; not the morning sunrise but his rising forth from the far and to them unknown and mysterious south, up the broad latitudes into our northern sky, and in his majestic march showering upon earth the miracle of awakening life—the wondrous beauty of bursting leaf and flower and singing birds and all the nameless glories of summer. All of this was very beautiful and appropriate, and was instituted by bright peoples who lived before the time of letters, and none can say how very far back of the very twilight of history, but probably rose with the first awakening of the human mind. These people are buried now in remotest oblivion; there is no voice from their tombs. But these things reach down to us from those long vanished years like an extended hand of fellowship, and they show to us that humanity then tilled the earth as now—toiled on in hope and sorrow—were moved by the same impulses, and that their bosoms bore brave and human hearts, albeit they lived in more poetical ages. The decimal system of notation, the counting of the days and the winters and the moons, and the subsequent division of the moons into four weeks of seven days each, and these two festivals, are the

grandest of earth's monuments. They rose with the human mind and will endure to its end. They are young still, though they survive all the wreck of time and empire. Beside them the pyramids are not only meaningless but fleeting as the changing seasons that play about their crumbling heads.

But what a ruthless and sacriligious hand the church laid on those grand and sacred things. We have already seen how it has attempted to pervert the week from its true origin. Pastors still speak of Sunday as the "holy Sabbath." But the world still clings to Sunday as very appropriately named for the sun by the old fire worshippers and all people should understand its true origin and significance. The old observances of these festivals were stamped out or changed to suit the purposes of the church. In the case of the Easter, which was perverted to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and which of course is a mere fabulous matter, these changes were quite easy—joy at the rising of the natural sun and at the awakening of nature from its winter of death, became joy at the rising of the "Son of righteousness," at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. And thus we see that the church would stoop for selfish purposes to the basest frauds and lay ruthless hands upon the most sacred things. The practice of using eggs at this festival, to signify the revivification of nature, goes back in history far beyond the foundation of the Christian church, until it is lost in time.

All civilized nations have reckoned the flight of years from some important epoch or from the founding of their own nation. The Greeks reckoned by Olympiads and the Romans from the founding of Rome, "*Ab urbe conditae*," the Moham-

medans reckoned from the flight of Mohammed. After Christ, five hundred years and over elapsed ere Christian priests established the so-called Christian era and reckoned from what they assumed to be the date of his birth.

Thus we see how the old feasts and the weeks and the eras have been fraudulently seized upon and made to serve the dishonest turn of the church. The matter of the era should be and will sometime be restored to a proper and rational use and meaning. It should reckon from the first glimmer of human intellect and what will be the year two thousand by the present era would become say five thousand, thus establishing a point of reckoning that should avoid all confusion, as it would include all the events of human history that can ever be known.

But we approach the opening of the Christian era. Augustus Cæsar ruled in Rome. Rome sat on her seven hills and ruled the world. She was in the very zenith of her power and glory. It was the Augustan age; but we shall see that the dawn of the Christian era was the sunset of civilization, for the new religion was the deadly enemy of all science and all learning. From all time the church was based on tithing and the more stupid and ignorant, and therefore superstitious, the masses could be held the more readily they submitted to such unholy exactions. But the mighty civilizations of Greece and Rome did not die in a moment. They had been established and maintained by such blood as had been shed at Thermopylæ and Marathon. And the new church which drew its life from the ignorance and superstition and submission of the toiling masses, aimed to destroy all means of education and independent thought. It grew in strength and reached out its tentacles

like a mighty octopus. It took each particular man and woman and child by the throat. One after another of the great lights of the past fell before it. At the Alexandrian library was collected all the erudition of the ancient world. It had at one time been partly destroyed by an accidental fire, but the loss was made good by a princely gift from Rome at the hand of the gallant Anthony to Cleopatra, of whom he had become infatuated. The new church undertook the destruction of all the so-called heathen temples in the Roman Empire, which included all the civilized world. This library was a special object of their hatred. In 391 a number of fanatic Christians, led on by the Archbishop Theopolus, destroyed the temple and burned all its literary treasures, thus perpetrating the greatest crime against letters and learning that can ever be recorded in the annals of history. Thus the last great light went out which, like the beacon of Pharos, shows for all the mariners of human life. The torch of civilization was now extinguished and darkness fell on the world as though the blessed sun was blotted from the face of heaven. And thus the object of the church was accomplished. The period known as the dark ages of history commences with the destruction of the Alexandrian library and continues for one full millenium of a thousand years, until the opening of the fourteenth century.

After this thousand years of night and thraldom some daring spirits began to speak out, but at the cost of life and torture at the hands of the church. The church planted itself directly across the path of civilization and all human progress. Vergillius, who had said the earth was round, was burned at the stake. But brave spirits gradually became too numerous to

be wholly suppressed. It was as late as the middle of the 16th century, at the time of Galileo, before the masses were sufficiently independent in thought so that the church dare not murder a man for discovery in science, but even so late as this torture was applied and imprisonment, and discovered and demonstrated facts such as the rotundity of the world, its rotation and revolution round the central sun had to be publicly renounced as heresies.

But the invention that the church most dreaded and that most threatened its hold upon the world was that of the art of printing, as this would tend to disseminate learning and awaken independent thought. Had Gutenberg lived a little earlier he would have been destroyed, and his invention perished with him. As it was the church had to content itself with simply declaring him in league with the devil, and for which matter certainly great credit is due his satanic majesty. What! Did the devil invent the art of printing? Did God oppose it? Which was right in the matter? And the devil came off victorious? Hosannah to the devil in the highest!

And so after a long sleep, civilization again awoke, in spite of the most strenuous opposition of the Christian church. And it is interesting at this distance to note that in all this history there was not an act of the church, no policy, no single position which was not diametrically opposed to all the life and teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus, whom they professed to follow. I have no quarrel with this Nazarene, nor shall I have. When men follow His teachings and His example all will be well. To follow Him would be to be a christian. Much has been ascribed to Him which He did not claim for Himself.

He was the son of God just as all other creatures are, and in no other sense. In what I say I merely give you indisputable facts of history. Nor do I quarrel with any who do not think as I do. But I claim that they should accord me full liberty of thought, and the free use of my own judgment. For why should God plant judgment in the human mind except for his use and guidance? That man who suppresses his judgment or yields it to the control of others grossly sins against his Maker. Surely God would not give us these celestial wings and forbid their use. If so the eagle should grovel on the dull earth like a blind worm, where now he mounts the pure ether and finds his dwelling-place in eternal space and glory.

But let us glance rapidly down the course of history from the decline of the Roman Empire, and briefly consider the work of the church and the character of its priests. We have seen how the new religion sprang from the old, and for a bible adopted the old Jewish bible and certain other books; these several books were adopted and declared the word of God by a synod of long-forgotten priests, by a vote, and apparently without consulting the Almighty. It has been said that the book of Luke was adopted by a majority of only one voice. The whole scheme of the new religion is made to rest upon he miraculous birth and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ as related in the four gospels. The truth is there was no such miraculous birth nor resurrection nor could the descent of Jesus Christ have been derived as therein related. But we will consider it just to get at the general character of the heroes of the church, and from which character the rulers of the new church took their model and built up their whole church polity. In the

first chapter of Matthew we read: "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ the son of David." And further down "of her that had been the wife of Uriah." Now David was the great high priest and a king in Israel, and the great light of the church, the annointed of God. (See II. Samuel, 23–1.) Now turning to the eleventh chapter of II. Samuel, which no votary of the church will dispute, we shall learn from holy writ something what a man this David was.

But let us read a little from the "Holy Bible," commencing with the 11th chapter of II. Samuel.

[Verse 1.]

That is when the roads were settled in the spring and the weather was such that the army could be moved. David sent his army, under his general, Joab, on a war of extermination and robbery, and destroyed a whole innocent unoffending nation, except a remnant of it, which was besieged in their capital city of Rabbah. But this great man of God himself—God's high priest and his specially annointed—tarried still in Jerusalem.

[Verse 2.]

David walked upon the roof of his palace in the night. What for? to pry into his neighbor's windows. And what did he feast his lascivious eyes upon? Let us take the evidence of this word of this God himself and note the scripture reading. It is too filthy to be reproduced or discussed here. Read the third, fourth, and fifth verses. And now what does this unparalleled monster do? This woman's husband is a soldier in

Joab's army. The king orders this injured husband home, in order, by a despicable trick, to place upon the husband the results of his own liason.

[Verse 6.]

In the seventh verse we see how graciously this deceitful monster received Uriah, while all the time he was bent upon his ruin. Eighth and ninth verses the king orders Uriah to go down to his own house and "wash his feet." But by the eleventh verse Uriah would not go to his own house and sleep with his wife and take his ease; why, because of his high notions of true comradeship. While my comrades are in the field at the front and braving the heat and burden of the day and the brunt of battle, "as the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth I will not do this thing." And David had sent a mess of meat after Uriah, but Uriah's strict integrity and soldiership was incorruptible. And in the twelfth verse and on we see, when all the wiles of the scheming king had failed, that he changes his scheme without the slightest hesitation or compunction to the most diabolical and cruel murder of an injured and innocent man perhaps that was ever concocted by the human brain. And in the thirteenth verse David had his victim—the incorruptible man, the true soldier—to eat and drink with him, and he made him drunk. What a lesson was this, and coming from this greatest light and law of the Christian church and father of Jesus Christ, who was God himself? And was this unfermented wine I pray? Notice the refinement of cruelty by which the king sends by the hand of Uriah himself his letter to General Joab, giving instructions for his murder. "Set ye out

a dangerous place, advance Uriah and others upon it, and then retire the rest and leave Uriah there alone to die."

What a cowardly scheme was this. Is there anything in all the annals of profane history equal to it? And what was it all for? simply that David might steal Uriah's wife, although he had many others, and hundreds of concubines; and that from this atrocious scheme of murder and adultery might be derived the Lord Jesus the Messiah, upon which was founded the whole fabric of the Christian church. But Joab bungled in executing the king's order, and had some others killed by mistake, as well as the noble Uriah. And Joab fears that his king may be wroth with him therefor, so he sends a trusty messenger to explain the matters of the war to the king—the war—that is this particular affair. And Joab knowing the king's gross nature instructs his messenger to say, as a sure method of appeasing the king, "Uriah is dead also." And, sure enough, the king is appeased. And he says, verse twenty-five, "Say unto the general: let not this thing"—that is the matter of losing those other men — "disturb thee. The sword devoureth one as well as another;" that is, the loss of a few men is of no consequence so long as Uriah is dead and I thus possess his wife. This affair has been applauded in all ages by the Christian church, and was distitched in the catechism in these words:

"Uriah's lovely wife
Made David seek his life."

So here we have the great light of the church, King David, according to the gospels, father of Jesus Christ, who killed Goliath with a stone, who wrote the psalms, who played upon

the harp of a thousand strings, who was the father of the wisest man who ever lived, and who had hundreds of wives, many of whom were stolen and thousands of concubines, and who was a notorious murderer, drunkard, libertine, and debauchee, if there is any truth in scripture. It has been said that if one is going to be born into this world he should be very careful in the selection of his parents. What kind of a selection was this? Ten thousand murderers like Almy merged in one, could not equal the thousandth part the tithe of this collossal monster of iniquity.

The chapter which I have just read, though more horrid than a fiend's conception of hell, is one of the most interesting in the whole bible, and is of the first importance as showing the descent of Jesus. And this is the book which was declared the word of God and which was selected on which to found the new religion that succeeded the brilliant civilizations of the ancient world, and which plunged all peoples into Egyptian darkness. The religion would have stood just as well on any other. The book is devoid of literary merit. It is profane, obscene, and blasphemous to the last degree. It is contradictory. It is wholly unreliable as history. Mr. Beecher has said that it is notoriously false in many particulars. Its characters are lascivious and drunken, till one blushes to even mention them by name. As cruel and heartless and wholesale murderers and robbers they are without a parallel except in the history of the church. Nero was an innocent babe and a cherub beside them, and old satan himself an angel of grace and mercy. And such are the men who constitute that heaven from which all such as I are threatened with eternal disbarment. Surely no possible

tophet could be such a hell to any decent man as such a heaven would be. And surely any poor and lowly man on earth is far more a follower of Jesus than such as they

Now it would be interesting to note how this great high priest, King David, would treat one of his subjects who should commit some trifling misdemeanor. Let us read right on from the "Holy Book." (First part of 12th chapter of II. Samuel.) And so we see that this king would kill a man for simply purloining a young lamb worth in those days some twenty-five or thirty cents, and because he had no pity, and right at the very time when he had murdered a nation of innocent peoples and stolen Uriah's wife, and when red-handed with the blood of the murdered Uriah. But let us investigate this man's character still further. (Last part of II. Samuel, 12th chapter, with comments.)

If one shall read the 11th, 12th, and 13th chapters of II. Samuel he will get only some inklings of what a monstrous book the bible is. In the 12th chapter, 24th verse, we read that David comforted Bathsheba—that is the stolen wife—and she bore a son and the Lord loved him, thus approving and sanctioning all this damnable shame and crime; and he called him Jedediah because of the Lord—that is, "beloved of the Lord." In the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th verses we are shown another phase of the character of this despicable king—the father of Jesus Christ. David remained in Jerusalem and took no part in the hardships of the war nor any of the direction of military affairs, leaving those matters wholly to his general, Joab. But yet when Rabbah is taken he must have all the honors of the victory, and those who had actually accomplished the hard and

hazardous task are then set aside. Joab apprised the king that he had taken the city; 28th verse, "Lest I take the city and it be called after my name." That is, lest I have the honor of it. And so David came down and "fought against it and took it." That is, made a pretense of besieging it and taking it after it had already been taken. Was there ever earthly vanity equal to this? And now the 30th and 31st verses for unmatched robbery, cruelty, and murder. All language fails us here.

Now the church fathers derive the descent of Jesus Christ from this unparalleled monster, as I have shown, although it could be easily proven that such descent is impossible. Now I submit that there is nothing in history or fiction outside the bible or church history that could equal this tale which I have just read for licentiousness, for lasciviousness, for lust, for vanity, for premeditated and particular murder, for general and promiscuous murder, for cruelty, for robbery, for every crime and every sin of every name and nature outside the realms of hell. And yet upon this bloody tale the Christian church bases its whole doctrine of religion and the whole scheme of salvation, and we are asked to believe it all, together with the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ and his ascension, or our souls shall lie in everlasting torments. That is to say, our souls instead of going to dwell forever in a heaven with King David and such, and John Knox and John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards and their gloomy ilk, shall descend to a region where such people dwell as Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Matthew Thornton, Benjamin Franklin, Genthe, Darwin, Peter the Great, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, Socrates, Galli-

leo, Virgil and Homer, and all the bright nationalities of Greece and Rome, and all the countless millions of bright spirits that lived on earth before the invention of letters, and every other people of sense or decency since the globe spun on its axis. For by the new religion everybody is damned except themselves. Surely then the other place would be hell, as I have shown, and this nether region a heaven after my own heart.

> How strange after all if old Satan should pan
> The best god was ever invented by man;
> And that his great kingdom where sages all dwell,
> Should prove to be heaven, and heaven be hell.

But may it not be that the people who teach this thing and who thereby live in ease and luxury, have a selfish interest in it and would naturally advocate a doctrine which resulted to themselves in great worldly profit; the priests were fat and provided with every good thing of earth, while the poor and toiling millions were deprived of the last lamb of the flock and the last plack of their money. The religion of the old bible was one of tithing and robbery and the new scheme is one of tithes and tithing, and when the people cease to give the whole baseless fraud should fall about their ears. Tithing was compulsory instead of voluntary, and this was human slavery of both body and soul; and, in modern times, these bonds of mental thraldom are ofttimes strong as bands of iron. We shall see later how well the fathers of the new church followed the examples of the old Jewish bible heroes in all these matters. All have heard of proud Korah and how his troops were swallowed up. It seems that the great priest, Aaron, for some trifling offense, called upon the Lord to cleave the earth in

twain and so let Korah and all his innocent peoples down to destruction. Well now, I want to relate to you something about that affair, just to show you how remorselessly and relentlessly this matter of tithing went always on. What I shall say may not be literally true, but it does not by any means exaggerate the circumstances of which it treats:

Old ballads sing of Chevy Chase,
Beneath whose rueful shade
Full many a gallant man was slain,
And many a widow made.

But I will sing of one much worse,
Which happened in days of yore,
All in the barren wilderness
Beside the Jordan's shore.

When Moses led the children forth,
Called chosen tribes of God,
And fed them forty years with quails,
And ruled them with a rod.

A dreadful fray once rose among
These self-named tribes of I am,
When Korah fell and by his side
Fell Dathan and Abiram.

An earthquake swallowed thousands up,
And fire came down like stones,
Which slew their sons and daughters all,
Their wives and little ones.

'T was all about old Adam's tithes
This murderous quarrel rose
For tithes were worldly things of old,
That led from words to blows.

A Jew of Venice hath explained,
In the language of his nation,
The manner how this fray began
Of which here is translation.

There was a widow lone and poor,
Who scarce herself could keep,
Her store of goods was very small,
Her flocks one little sheep.

And when her time of shearing came,
She counted much her gains,
For now she said I shall be blest
With plenty for my pains.

When Aaron heard the sheep was shorn
And gave a good increase,
He straightway sent his tithing-man
And took away the fleece.

At this the weeping widow went
To Korah to complain,
And Korah, he to Aaron went
In order to explain.

But Aaron said in such a case
There could be no forbearing,
The law ordains that thou shalt give
The first fleece of thy shearing.

When lambing time was come about,
This sheep became a dam
And blessed the widow's mournful heart,
By bringing forth a lamb.

When Aaron heard the sheep had young,
He stayed till it was grown,
And then he sent his tithing man,
And took it for his own.

Again the weeping widow went,
To Korah with her grief,
But Aaron said in such a case,
There could be no relief;

For in the holy law 'tis writ
That while thou keep'st the stock,
Thou shall present unto the Lord
The firstlings of thy flock.

The widow then in deep distress,
And having naught to eat,
Against her will she killed the sheep,
To feed upon the meat.

When Aaron heard the sheep was killed,
He sent and took a limb,
Which by the holy law he said
Pertained unto him.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
That when thou kill'st a beast,
Thou shalt a shoulder and a breast
Present unto the priest. *

The widow then worn out with grief
Sat down to mourn and weep,
And in a fit of passion cried,
The devil take the sheep.

Then Aaron took the whole away,
And said the laws record,
That all and each devoted thing
Belongeth to the Lord

* See Leviticus VII, 28 to 34.

The slow awakening after the night of the dark ages was vigilantly watched by the church and combatted as though it were a matter of life and death. Whom the church wished to destroy they charged with heresy and burned them at the stake, or put them to the most cruel tortures that the ingenuity of man could invent, and confiscated their worldly goods to themselves. The inquisition was established to fight the awakening conscience of man, and its horrors could never be told, nor even indexed, in a book as large as the Jewish bible. The angel of toleration had long since taken his flight from the earth. Human hearts were made of flint. If I remember rightly Jonathan Edwards assisted at the burning of a man at the stake for a mere difference in opinion, and slowed the fires so as to hold his victim two full hours in mortal agony. Let such a monster go to his own heaven; God forbid that I go there. The devil would not have such a monster in hell.

Even in our own land, by this same spirit, innocent women have been hanged for witchcraft and had molten lead poured in their ears for heresy; and all because the murderous old Jews had said "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." It is just a hundred years back that the Christian church ceased to burn people for witchcraft. This fire was kept burning by the church for four hundred years over the entire civilized world, and during that period nine million of innocent peoples, mostly women, were burned at the stake by the Christian church. And now we know that all these peoples were innocent, for there is no such thing as witchcraft; but we do know that there is such a thing as priestcraft that could lead up to all these things, and a thousand other enormities, which make the

angels weep and all true men blush with shame and indignation. The best men of the church of all denominations led in these insane and diabolical cruelties. The crimes of the church, since its establishment, exceed all other crimes as millions to one, both in number and enormity, and were all committed in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, and directly against all his teachings and example. For did they learn from the scripture that Jesus ever burned people at the stake? or was there anything in his teachings that would lead a company of men to pour molten lead into the ear of an helpless woman, because, as they claimed, she disagreed with them in some silly matter in regard to which all parties were more ignorant than a blind dog? Now it must be that the poorest peasant that ever lived in the most distant age and who had never heard of Jesus was a better Christian than any one of these, his professed followers, for he had lived more nearly in accordance with his great example.

The man who could invent the most ingenious and exquisite torture was rewarded. There was the quick and the slow burning, from whose fires the souls of thousands of victims went up to God. The Inquisition was established at the very beginning of the awakening, and existed up to 1808, so that men are living to-day whose lives reach back to a time when victims were thus tortured and burned for so-called heresy. Beside those for witchcraft, there were burned for heresy in Spain alone 31,718; there died in prison, or escaped and were burned in effigy, 174,111; and 287,522 suffered other penalties—making a grand total of 482,341 in Spain alone. And at the same time these fires were raging in France, Germany,

Italy, Portugal, the Netherlands, and in Mexico and South America and India. One shudders to contemplate the means of torture: there were the thumbscrews, manacles, boots, and pinchers. Men and women were strapped upon the rack by means of cords attached to the wrists and ankles, and which were operated by means of a windlass until the wrists and ankles parted. Women were placed in a cage, where by clock-work two rude iron spikes slowly approached their bosoms till they transfixed the body, and without ever eliciting a single word of pity or compunction from the torturers. On slight suspicion people were thus destroyed, their property seized upon, and their helpless children thrown upon the cruel world. Let it be remembered, to his everlasting honor, that the great Napoleon stamped out this monster wherever his conquests extended. It must be admitted that in all this the church followed the example of the old bible heroes, instead of the meek and lowly Nazarene. The ultimate motive of all was revenue and pomp and power; countless children starved of cold and hunger that great churches might be built. Revenue was raised by the most unscrupulous means: the means was sanctified by the end. To complete St. Peter's at Rome indulgences were sold to commit any crime, and the price fixed according to its enormity, and for this price exemption was assured from all human law, and by a blasphemy never equalled in hell itself, the church's pardon issued in the name of God against the life to come.

Such was the avarice of the church: and their licentiousness was equally unparalleled. High churchmen who promulgated the dogma of celibacy brought their ~~contestant~~ courtezans to the synod

with them. And in the face of this pretended celibacy and purity, two of the popes of Rome were the bastard sons of former popes. And it is only as yesterday in the world's history that the ministers of this religion claimed the exclusive privilege of performing all marriage ceremonies and exacting a heavy fee therefor, but also claimed as a right the privilege of passing the first night with the bride. Surely in these things eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The octopus is still grasping for the throats of all free men. Close your eyes for a moment: your personal freedom will vanish, and the inquisition be reëstablished with all its nameless horrors. As late as 1823 the king of Spain issued his order for reopening the Inquisition in his dominions.

Wealth was gradually massed in the hands of the church; the common people drudged in poverty and squalor; the church men luxuriated in ease and splendor in palaces with cellars stored with wine. They constantly fear that the people shall open their eyes and perceive that all this grandeur comes from them. Unnecessary wars are provoked and the crusades entered upon to keep the world busy, lest they perceive this, and that it all comes from their ignorance and submission. Wars that in the name of this religion have been thus waged to keep the people occupied, and wars that have been waged in her name for conquest and robbery, have filled all the world with blood and sorrow. We cannot name them all in one short evening. The Aztec and Peruvian nations, the only civilized nations of original America, were by this means blotted from the earth. They were ruthlessly murdered and robbed, and even the horses of their murderers shod with their gold. The

Peruvian emperor was imprisoned, and his offer to fill the room in which he was confined with gold was accepted. The gold was produced, and the poor emperor was freed by chaining him to a stake in front of his palace and burning him to ashes there, with the crucifix of the meek and lowly Jesus held above him; and because he was an heretic and did not believe in the religion of his murderers, and of which he had never heard. This is not a single atrocious instance, picked out for a purpose, but simply an everyday affair in the history of the church, of which thousands could be mentioned all down the course of time.

Such are the holy men who claim to be the representatives of divinity and the messengers of heaven, who, while they the primrose path of dalliance lead, assume to guide us on the steep and thorny road to heaven. They say much about the Christian virtues, as though they monopolized all virtue, and as though the virtues were not the same virtues existing in nature and from all time. But all history shows that they neither introduce new virtues nor practise the old. The humblest toiler of earth is just as much a child and a minister of God as they, and in his life approaches a thousand times more nearly the example of the lowly Nazarene. The Creator of the universe is the God all true men adore, and all great, unbiased minds agree in this. And what we behold of God's universe, and what we experience, is his only revelation to man. Between him and us there shall be no mediator. We will read his great work and commune with nature face to face, and at our own free will and in our own sense. "My own mind is my own church." We are called into a wonderful world, amid nameless miracles of changing seasons, of music

and song, of bud and blossom and fruit, and of sea and sky, of day and starry night and flying years, and designed to live there as free as the bees and birds among flowers. We also see the lilies that toil not, and realize that not even a sparrow shall fall without God's will. We conclude then that religion is honesty and common-sense, and nothing else. We are in God's hand: we will do justly and fear naught. If any religion was true, it would be universal, and this is. And man shall be judged by his works and by his true worth, and not by some mere mental process of faith that millions of others can know nothing of. Nor shall he be damned for some mere slip or accident. "Neither do I condemn thee," says Jesus; and again he saith, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," while all the church has pursued sacrifice without mercy. How fair and good this seemeth as compared with those who throw all justice and all pity to the mindless winds and place policy above conscience! A few men claim to be the special favorites of heaven and to bask in his continual smiles, and vainly assume that none can approach God except through them. But I say unto you that even the poorest worm is just as much a child of God and of his mercy as any one of them. The Great Judge shall hold up the whole volume of man's life and consider its general import. And one cannot help the thought, whether the Creator shall provide in heaven for a few pretentious creatures of hypocrisy and fraud, and send down to hell nameless generations of brave and conscientious men whose only aim in life was to do justly, and who, instead of adding to the burdens of poor and struggling humanity, who, instead of increasing the sorrows of fellow-mortals, shall have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them.

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

"It is the duty of every man, as far as his abilities extend, to detect and expose delusion and error. But nature has not given to every one a talent for the purpose; and among those to whom such a talent is given, there is often a want of disposition or courage to do it."—*Thomas Paine.*

Having received several anonymous communications from certain scurrilous creatures, who pose as characters of great piety, I am led to make some reply, lest such unknown and unmentionable cowards should think me dead and undertake my funeral and burial; and to be thus buried alive would certainly be a most dreadful thing. I am driven on to this reply by the very ones whom I propose to address, and am thus by them impelled to the very thing which they condemn. If such creatures would but pause for a moment to reflect they must see that in such a battle as must ensue there will be blows to take as well as blows to give. If there is force in words, or virtue or valor or venom or grief resides in a rapier's point, they shall feel it now, for pens may stab like daggers, and ink is made of gall. Or do these egotistical and self-righteous creatures deem themselves too holy to be reached by ordinary human methods; that they are God's special children, and hedged about by a Divinity, while the great mass of people like myself stand without the pale, and while they are white sheep and lambs of great merit in the eye of heaven, we are berated as black sheep and goats, and entirely without credit with our Maker? We feel, however, pretty safe in God's hands this morning, in spite of all

mere human anathemas. But it will be thought highly presumptuous in me to reply to these people, and especially to the clergy. They are not used to battles when the opponent appears in the field, and have long had their say, their interminable talk, and their diverse dogmas, whereby they send all but themselves to hell, undisputed. The idea that any mere ordinary man should talk back to them! But all know how prone is the human heart to sin; we are born into it as the sparks fly upward. Very many who recognize frauds about them cannot safely condemn such frauds, because of business or social relations, but secretly approve their exposure by others, who are free to act and possessed of the requisite temerity. And my situation is peculiar. By these self-styled followers of God I am despoiled of my property, and have long been rated by them as a culprit, until one's good name, fame, and character is utterly dissipated, and without any regard for right or justice, any more than there was when the same holy creatures burned old mothers at the stake for witchcraft. We have then no further worldly injury to fear from them; they have already done their worst; they send us to jail for this life and to hell for all the future. All then I need for a bold investigation is a mere matter of personal courage, which, I hope it will prove, I do not lack. I make no boast; none can say how he shall act in battle. But the tournament shall be an open one and I shall wield a free lance. And it would be strange indeed if these egotistical creatures should prove, on investigation, to be mere ranting hypocrites, and far below those whom they essay to discipline, and after all their boasted superiority they certainly should be greatly surprised at such a result, and should at once

set diligently about the matter of reforming themselves before they go further in the matter of reforming their betters. And what such people gain for their own cause by thus instigating such controversies as this I leave to them to judge, for certainly it is not a matter of my seeking. I simply will be driven no further without a battle.

But facts are stubborn things and I propose to deal with some of them, and with an unsparing pen. The time has come when all true men should think for themselves, and expose fraud and deceit in all places, high and low, and especially religious frauds wherein many men, for worldly purposes, assume virtues which they do not possess, and robe themselves in a stolen livery of heaven, that they may the more successfully serve their own selfish ends. We are not godless in this thing, but we do not believe in a false God, nor a partial God, but a God who is our God as well as every other creature's—the God whom the universe bespeaks, and one who takes note of all fraud and wrong, and for which will bring every creature into judgment.

Of the hundreds of gods that priests have set up in the world to terrify mankind I will acknowledge none. Only that one is God whose city is the eternal universe, lit up by all the burning stars of heaven.

Nothing is more plainly written on the face of Nature than that we shall reap as we sow. And what are all the religions of earth? Certainly no one hereabout will dispute that all the thousands of religions except the Christian religion are frauds and falsities imposed upon the world by designing priests, in order that they may tithe the toiling millions and thereby themselves live in ease and luxury. But the votaries of all

other religions pronounce the Christian religion false, and the votaries of such other religions outnumber the Christians many hundreds to one, and include all the finest intellects that ever rose among men. But we shall see.

Let us read the first verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew. It is Jesus Christ who is speaking. Now I have no quarrel with Jesus. He was simply an ordinary good man, who was unfortunate in being selected by a junta of priests for a God and deified, and thereby made vastly more of than he even wished or claimed for himself. But for the text:

"Judge not that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged: And with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

"Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; but behold a beam is in thine own eye?"

"Thou hypocrite first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see more clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

This language is clearly addressed to just such hypocrites as to-day assume a self-constituted censorship over the morals of others. Such people should show themselves at least half as virtuous and worthy as ordinary laymen of the world whom they regard as beneath themselves, and who display great zeal in their efforts to bring such laymen up to their own imaginary high level. The question thus arises at once, and is a proper one, whether such pretentious reformers can truthfully say "I am holier than thou." For surely we do not propose to follow as leaders those who are far in our rear. Nothing could be more preposterous than such leadership. But what an egregious

ass a self-righteous man makes of himself whenever he assumes to dictate morals to others: And which is a matter that lies solely and directly between each individual man and his Maker —and especially when such self-constituted censor is himself one of the weakest and most foolish of all mortals and addicted to those very vices which he condemns in others; thou hypocrite "cast out the beam out of thine own eye." Nor do we want those who have led lives of general drunkenness and debauch and who if they have ceased their mad career or even slowed up a little, have done so simply because they have waxen old an can't, to now, while they the primrose path of dalliance lead, with their bloated faces and palsied hand point us the steep and thorny road to heaven. Many such come at last with a great blazon of trumpets to give themselves like rotten oranges to God, and seemingly regarding it as a great merit that they have thus come to lead more discreet and sober lives and get round to that very point where those whom they condemned have been all their lives, and never once thought it a matter of special merit to be proclaimed from the house-top. We regard such who wasted all their youth and manhood in debauch as mere frands and hypocrites; they are whited sepulchers that seem fair without, but which within are full of dead men's bones and all manner of corruption.

Give me a leader in such a cause who is better than I or give me none. I will accept no other; and those who from mere motives of gain or human vanity, falsely assume such superiority shall be punished and exposed, and their fraud laid open to the world. And we have many such busybodies in these deceitful days, who merely for gain or the silly vanity of

posing before the public and basking in the smiles of their dupes, go up and down the land ranting and preaching and praying like the Pharisees of old. There's Mistress Gossip, Old Crab Spinster, Young Hyson Tea, Insipid Idleness, and Sycophancy and Silly Sentimentality and Old Widow Slut, sour as a sink spout and about as ignorant, and all the host of them. And one Deacon Sepulchral Goody Goody, as sample of many others, who though old in both years and wickedness might manage a combination bucket-shop and Young Men's Christian Association. How appropriate! What a beautiful mixture and conglomeration! Business, here, and religion are twin-sisters—yoked up like Juno's swans, and surely we hereby see how, whether we eat or drink or cheat our neighbors, or whatsoever thing we do, we may do all to the glory of the Lord. What a sanctimonious visage he wears and careworn look, as though the morals of all the world rested in his keeping. Such men should now be given to understand that their responsibility is limited to their own state. God does not need their aid and they need not think to assume a guardianship over me. I thank all such for their good intentions, but I will none of their reproof; the matter lies simply between me and my Maker; there shall be no middle man—no mediator, much less a fool like him. Let all such attend to their own sins and shortcomings and fraudulent business transactions; that will be an all-sufficient burden for each, and bulky as was Pilgrim's load of sin when he first commenced his journey. Such men are ideal Pharisees and lack only the sacerdotal cloak with its broad phylacteries, lettered something in this wise: "I am holier than thou." "I thank God that I am not as other men nor

even as this publican." 'Tis great wonder and more pity that such men all have not gone ere this to Abraham's bosom, when it is so well approved that the good die early. And do dolts and chumps and ninnies think, because of their peculiar notions, there shall be no more cakes and ale? But there shall be; yes and by St. Ann, ginger shall be hot in the mouth, too. Would you that there should be no more Alexanders, Shakespeares, Washingtons, Hamiltons, Websters, Clays? Does it seem that there were some little wickednesses in their general characters that spiced their lives? And if so, who made it so? Do shallow and mistaken creatures set a higher standard of excellence than God himself has fixed? And if so which is right, the all-wise Creator or they? Many claim to be the agents of God and his vicegerents on earth, and many men have claimed to be God himself; such a blasphemous assumption was quite common in earlier ages, and numbers of men, mere vain and foolish men, were deified and set among the Gods. But these creatures assume a superiority to God and critically judge and condemn his noblest work. To all such we say, you will be tolerated so long as you go quietly about your own affairs, but you shall not step aside to meddle with others or to dictate for a moment of time or for a single millimetre of space.

And pray what would men be if made by their standard with lots of little wheels left out? God made it a world of temptations and pitfalls; shall it be freed from them? Shall the ocean maintain one calm and glassy level, in order that cockle shells and straws may go to sea? God has not so decreed; there are tempests and lightining and crashing thunder, and

waves leap in deafening clamor to drown the moon. Only they shall live then who are fit and worthy and courageous, and are strong enough for such a sea. A weakling could not manage Bucephalus, but he instantly knew an Alexander's mighty hand; and, it would seem that such are nature's marvellous paragons—her aim and acme—brilliant as meteors here and destined like stars of the first magnitude to illumine all the future. A men should be as they, and yet there are mere feeble human creatures who say they were faulty though they were God's brightest work, and it is well approved that good men are moulded out of faults. And who but a fool would dare think the Creator is not wise? There cannot be a beautiful world without valleys as well as hills. And do we not note oppositions and contrasts in all God's deft handiwork? There are spots on the leopard and on the sun, and pure black drops abide in the lily's bosom. We must not pronounce these things errors and faults since they are God's own work, and it may prove rash and hasty to even condemn murder as wrong. Does a seeming fiend despoil of life some innocent girl just on the verge of womanhood? She then escapes the trials and sorrows of life. And was she thereby translated to fields Elysian? Then surely it was a kindly act of him to thus do her an heavenly blessing; and so it may be that most horrid murder did good to her and grace to him; and if indeed such bloody doings might prove a gracious and an happy thing, then surely all the seeming little slips of life may be blessings in disguise.

One, only one Robert Burns, with all his frailties is worth a million such mere superficialities who comparatively are only sticks—whose blood is frozen—who see no gaiety in life—who

feel no human promptings—who are cold as icebergs, repulsive as toads—who by their own vain imaginings are good and virtuous and secure of heaven, and who are what they are simply because they must be so, merely because of frozen natures and physical incapacities they stand immovable like blasted trees in a barren land. It is nothing to their credit that they are thus frozen things, they fight no battle, and in it all there is nothing to be admired of men or rewarded of heaven; they are mere sapless obstructions, the sweet airs of heaven bring to them no miracle of life and verdure, or flowers, or fragrance, or fruit to bless the world with beauty, or to enrich and cheer with its bounty the mighty procession of earth. But such virtue is not virtue. It is a mere negative condition—a mere absence of life and human quality, the blood is white and thin and cold, another's is red and warm and racing—such possess a vivacity and spirit the others know not of, and God has made them so, and though they put bridles on their tongues and govern themselves with all proper restraint, yet they are maligned and traduced of the others, and though their manhood is such that they would not wrong their traducers, nor see them wronged, they pity them rather as poor blind and harmless worms. They may burrow in the earth, or destroy some sweet flowers, but they cannot move the blessed sun from its orbit nor stay the flying seasons. And such torpid creatures only await occasion to become Duke Angelos in Measure for Measure. By their standard of excellence, there shall be no Burnses, albeit he was one of the grandest characters that ever graced our race; and was indisputably, the brightest man that has risen among men in three hundred years. Nature's laws shall be annulled because forsooth God is a fool, and be-

cause of false modesty some things shall not be spoken of till the race is ruined; men shall be geldings or their virility shall be dissipated by masturbation; and women shall be prudes and vacant non-entities—despicable creatures, sunk in insipid and giggling idiocy. The bright shall be crushed; the feeble shall be fostered; God decrees that man shall be robust enough to withstand the temptations of his environment, but these say that all temptations shall be removed in order that man may be a weakling

Of all human weaknesses hypocrisy is the lowest and most despicable, and by far the meanest creature of earth is a hypocrite. None but the human kind can sink to this low ebb; all other animals are free from it. Surely God has given man the power to sink below the beast if he choose or he may soar to be but little below the angels. The great thieves of the day are prominent churchmen, and vaunt their religion like the public crier at a Dutch auction block, and the whole pious fraud is rotten to the core with its ministerial Beechers and Stinsons, and smiling and cogging good deacons and laymen, who could be mentioned by scores and who do not average in honesty with the quiet thousands who stand without the churches' pale—such men as rob widows' and orphans' funds and sell dead hogs to aliens. Are such freer from human foibles than those whom they presume to denounce? We say they are not, but they possess in addition that meanest and most shallow and cowardly of all vanities—hypocrisy, beneath the contempt of a snake and which thing they can not lay to the charge of others.

And now it seems that certain churchmen, having with a great show of holiness to the Lord, undertaken to persecute

others under an unjust law, have their attention called to the startling fact that they themselves and their own society and even the God they worship is far more guilty under the same law than those they persecute. And so now they are at their wits' ends, and spasmodically set about the matter of reforming themselves, as it would seem, in order that they may more consistently proceed against their neighbors. What a beautiful, humane, and Christ-like spirit! Their gross hypocrisy, dishonesty, and insincerity having been exposed, they suddenly assume a show of virtue—not for virtue's sake, but driven thereto by those whom they essayed to reform. And so instead of a coterie of hypocritical asses reforming anything or anybody, those whom they assailed actua ly turn about and reform the reformer. This is certainly a very surprising turn of affairs. I believe the Scripture somewhere hints that men may with profit examine their own bosoms, and does plainly command that they cast the moat out of their own eye before they volunteer to perform ocular feats for others

And let the good work go on. It is a world of progress when, setting aside all fear, bigotry, and superstition, every man should act well his part. God does not to-day, at the behests of priests, send she bears out of the neighboring woods to devour innocent and prattling children; and the power has passed from them to send men to the fagot for mere honesty, common sense, and the courage of true manhood. And while the writer of this would not voluntarily seek to disturb the existing order and quiet, believing that the world is about to wake from sleep without resort to extraordinary measures, yet no man should submit to too much abuse from sheer hypocrisy

and fraud without a show of spirit, except he be an imbecile or a coward that neither knows his rights nor dare defend.

The toilers of earth earn all the dollars there are—actually create them. Such a one may work on his clearing, plow and plant in seed time, and sweat through all the long summer days while others regale themselves in the neighboring shade, and when the golden harvest comes these idlers, by some hocus pocus, take all the best, barely begrudging him enough for seed for another year and the nubbins for his own subsistence. But the more enlightened the masses become, the less easily they are beguiled and the more they reserve of their own earnings for themselves. They understand the wrong and patiently submit till it becomes intolerable rather than break the peace. But they are constantly overreached by many indirect and unseen methods.

There has just been expended, on one church alone, ten of these dollars for every man, woman, and child in our little city, and there are a dozen others all reaching out their hands like hackmen and clamoring for more. They must cost the working classes several hundred dollars a day. Were it not for these things the poorest man in the land might live like a king. For such things mean destitution and hunger to poor and down-trodden humanity. A glorious day shall dawn on the earth, and earth was meant to be a blessed thing, when the fruits of toil shall provide homes and a just share of comforts to the poor and honest toilers rather than be wasted on a few in mere useless and ornamental frivolity.

Workingmen, when you reserve your own wages to your own proper use and good, all others, who now live on your bounty,

will have to follow some useful and needful calling and the toil of the world will then be justly distributed. Then three hours of labor will suffice for all instead, as now, the toilers working for long and weary hours, never stopping for a single moment to hale the glorious sunshine or hear the birds sing; too tired at night to muse upon God's wondrous and starry canopy, or in a brief respite of toil, wander into the labyrinthine summer woods where new and surprising beauties appear on every hand, and while others spend your hard earnings by millions in idleness and on mere useless trifles.

And what does exemption from taxation mean? It is simply a scheme by which an added burden is shifted upon the poor.

It is simply this, that the poor pay their taxes for them. For if they were assessed as the poor man's home is, this item alone would amount to fifteen or twenty thousand dollars each year in our own little city. And this can be nothing but a dishonest and cowardly shirking of burdens upon those who are already overburdened. I pray for the day when men shall assert a moral courage sufficient to use their own earnings for the amelioration of their own circumstances and thus compel others to some honest industry. And all men are thus entrapped by this false scheme of taxation to sustain all denominations and creeds, whether they believe in them or not. And not content with the present burdensome condition, priests will reach out for more, and history shows that nothing less than all would ever satisfy, and the complete ruin and degradation of the race. Humanity shall be blasted. With all but a favored few life shall be a dark and gloomy thing, a grievous burden on bent shoulders; and the masses go down in sorrow to graves as dark and hopeless as life

has been; and yet the patient millions will be pushed to such extremity that they will rise and right this mighty wrong or all go down together in rivers of blood.

It is a priest-ridden world. A controversy lies between them and the multitudinous sons of honest toil. Shall they thrust their open hand in the pockets of all those who sow and reap and delve, and extract it clutched? In this matter the masses are thrice armed, for they have their quarrel just; the victory is theirs whenever they expend their own earnings for their own good. The masses are uneasy; one touch more and a day of wrath shall burst forth like a geyser. Henceforth let boys be boys and men men, as God and nature meant, or stand ready to bleed for it. Expend the results of your own toil for your own good. Toiling millions, fear their hell no more; nor their devil either. Both are mere imaginary bugbears, not worth a moment's notice of brave and intelligent men.

And surely now great good will be accomplished if the church can be reformed, for no institution of man stands in more grievous need of exposure and reformation. And setting out in their ignorance and vanity to discipline others they suddenly find that it is they themselves who are most in error. Now let us see how the church stands on the question of temperance, which is a matter of late wherein they make a great show of holiness. Here it has a most odious record—as bad as the saloon itself. Locally considered, those of to-day who are most active are themselves drinking men. It is safe to say that the great majority of those legislators who voted the present stringent laws, during the session, at least, drank every day of their lives. And at the same time their leader in the house, and the most active member of

the Law and Order League, lived at the first hotel of the state, it is said free of charge, and where an open and palatial bar is run every day and all night. Can there be any sincerity in such men? I tell you nay. And many of these men, who are well known here, have been in their lives notorious drunkards, libertines, and even wife beaters, and now gull a living from a long-suffering public by posing as a frightful example of what rum can do, and no one seems to consider what injustice they do strong drink by laying such results to it, when in all truth they are mere matters of personal selfishness and gluttony.

As though rum was the cause of this baseness and downfall! But I tell you rum is not the cause. But it is simply because of their own natural depravity that they use God's good creatives to excess; their gross characters lead them to low ends. Snakes inhabit swamps and alligators delight to wallow in the mud of the bayou. Such creatures are a disgrace to the rum they drink. A certain local church, whose great pillar has been very active in persecuting others, and who himself is a drinking man, has rented for many years a drug store in the best corner of the very church edifice itself, where business is carried on not only all week days and nights, but on the "holy Sabbath" as well, and herein while the priestly offices go on above, the mercenary work goes on below, in direct violation of the laws of the land not only, but also of the command of the decalogue which they teach others is a divine injunction and must be obeyed to the letter, or a penalty will follow of eternal damnation and hell.

Let the young and all thinking men take note of such hypocrisy. Verily they make the house of God a house of merchan-

dise, wherein they infringe the very laws they enforce against others, and receive moneys which they would jail others for taking. The same church owns and did receive the rentals of the most notorious house of ill fame in southern New Hampshire. What a damnable record is this, and what damnable hypocrisy! And now it is said that these tenants have lately vacated the house and that it remains tenantless because of its past unsavory record. This change did not take place, however, till the holy owners were driven to action by the exposure of their hypocrisy and duplicity. Or did they perhaps close it out because it was a dangerous rival? For this same church is rotten to the core in respect of the scriptural saying of Exodus xx: 14, or else we are greatly misinformed. But oh, if it would, what could my pen reveal? They do not spare me; why should I them? But I am a merciful man. It would seem that what they would punish as crime and sin in others is regarded in themselves as a beautiful and most righteous thing. "The end sanctifies the means." The proceeds go to support a "holy" church and a religion which will be shown, beside other evils, has taught and practised the habit of strong drink ever since it was established by junta of designing priests—a period of about fifteen hundred years. A church that has taxed rum, and sold rum, and manufactured rum, and drank rum, ever since it was founded, and whenever it subserved its interests or revenues or worldly pleasures to do so. The Christian church to-day, or its priests, which is the same thing, runs distilleries in some parts of our land, and sanctifies the product by naming it for some blessed saint, as for instance, "St. Hubert's ale." But I shall show that it has done things a thousand times worse than this

before I close. But there is sanction for it all in Scripture. See Deuteronomy xviii: 3, 4, also read Deuteronomy xiv, commencing with the 21st verse. It is God himself who speaks. "Ye shall not eat a thing that dieth of itself; give it to a stranger that he may eat it, or sell it to an alien," and why? "*Because thou art an holy people unto the Lord.*" Herein we see of what their holiness consists, 22d verse, "Don't forget to tithe all the land;" 23d verse, "Eat hearty of the tithes and drink wine;" 24th and 25th verses, "When called by the Lord to a higher salary, convert your tithes into cash," and 26th verse, "When you get this buy with it wine and strong drink," and in the most emphatic language, twice repeated, buy with that money, wrung from the poor, "*whatsoever thy soul* LUSTETH *after.*" These are God's direct commands to his priests, and if they can believe in such a monster they must follow his express injunction. We shall see further on how faithfully they obey.

Others of the very leaders of the temperance crusade, let places for the sale of intoxicants in violation of the very law which they enforce against others, and in one notable instance which can be attested by many living witnesses, did effect a trade with certain well-known liquor dealers, for certain picnic grounds which lie just outside the limits of the state, so that the law cannot reach them, where more than forty barrels of beer were sold as one item in a single day. Over $700 were received for this single day's work for strong drink alone. This leads all others. There cannot be a place in our city, owned by parties outside of these temperance agitators, that ever approached it for a single day's work. And these men are the very

leaders in the cause. Surely such hypocrisy should be exposed and condemned by all good men. In effecting the trade between the dealers and these great reformers, the stuff was called "3 per cent." And the zealous owners went with the lessees—these dealers—to the grounds on the day before the opening, and assisted personally in raking the grounds and tidying up things generally. The forty barrels of strong drink were put into the buildings on this very day, and right under the vigilant eyes of the lessors; and one of the lessors partook of the stuff himself more than once, and pronounced it very good. On this red letter day there were drunken rows and fisticuffs on the grounds and on the train home, and at the depot after reaching home. One of these same parties is said to own the Columbian park, which was lately raided by the police, and where was broken up the most shameful and most numerous gathering of disreputable men and women that ever disgraced our fair city. And such men as these go about our streets, prosecuting their neighbors for receiving rents from hotels, and move about with a sanctified mien and carriage as though each bethought he was the holy ghost himself. But what nonsense is it all. Even ministers at communion service drink more than many good people whom to-day are under their ban; and one in particular, who was very active at first, suddenly stopped when he learned that he himself was personally, indirectly, interested. I say to all such pretentious men, that they do not compare favorably in their moral lives with those whom they condemn, nor with the working classes upon whose tithes they thrive. Courage, industry, upright dealing, and all true manhood and intelligence to-day are found in our cobblers' and blacksmiths' shops, rather than

in the churches of the land and among its priests and followers. They clutch for cash which they would jail others for receiving. They are conspicuous; they are noisy; they are always in the public eye, and while the honest and humble toilers go silently and modestly about their vocations scrupulously avoiding all show and ostentation; and surely a just God will take care of such. And what sincerity can there be in a self-styled man of God, who shall forget a funeral appointment, because the people were poor and lowly, and go to the circus instead? I say because they were poor and lowly, for all must see that if it had been a rich parishioner who had passed away, he would not have been so easily forgotten.

But such gentlemen are doing right now, and we bid them Godspeed. You call a halt and proceed to purge yourselves before you go further with others. You have lately discontinued your brothel, and ordered your drug store vacated, although it is a needful thing in the community and ought to stay. But right or wrong it must go; the world is pointing the finger of scorn that way. Pots are calling kettles black and the devil is to pay generally, and it seems now on the tapis to stir up all hell with a pudding stick. But as has been shown there is good warrant in Scripture for all hypocrisy and iniquity. Certainly the saloon has not done in the world, a tithe the mischief the Christian church has done; the wars, the murders, the drunkenness, the crimes against chastity, the crusades of old, the conquest of Mexico and Peru, the destruction of the temples of the ancient world, the stamping out of learning, the burning of the Alexandrian library, the Inquisition and its terrible bloody fight against the awakening of civilization after

the long night of the dark ages into which the Christian church had plunged the world, the *Auto da fe*, the innumerable and nameless tortures and burnings at the stake; all of which and much more are matters of history which no man can dispute, and all which colossal crimes lie wholly at the church's door. Five millions of mothers the church burned at the stake for witchcraft alone—every one of whom was as innocent as my own dear old mother—in all of which atrocity the clergy were the prime movers—as many people as live in all New England!

Let us think of this; to burn your own innocent mother at the stake on such a mistaken notion, and simply because it is written in the most despicable of all books that thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,—just one instance would be a crime sufficient to send the church to hell and all its votaries. And if the church could be mistaken in such dear degree once, may it not be again, and again, and wrong in all its notions? And now such a monstrous iniquity with its bloody hands—dripping with gore—in the midst of it all, claims to be the agent of the most high and assumes to monopolize all virtue and morality and goodness. Out on such damnable hypocrisy. Other millions of earth's bravest and best have they burned at the stake, and otherwise murdered for "heresy" because they could not believe in such a falsity, and who were too honest to pretend to believe it, and their property confiscated to the church, and their innocent children thrown upon the cruel world. Hordes of priests took such bloody gains, feasted upon them and drank and jested, and without compunction and no word of pity. And I believe there is a just God who notes all these things. Let no man accuse me of atheism. I simply believe there is a just God

and one mighty enough to manage the vast universe without the help of man. But the church fondly presumes to monopolize the father's face and assumes that none can approach him except themselves. How many have had molten lead poured in their ears, their tongues torn out by the roots because they could not credit the teachings of a mercenary priesthood and were too honest and brave to pretend to believe the senseless doctrine of hell-fire, original sin and infant damnation? Thus the church tortured and murdered men for their mere honesty and thus sought to stamp out that greatest of all manly virtues and all true manhood from the world. All honest men and brave must now show their hands; not lie supinely down while the church is making strenuous efforts to take the world again by the throat, as in the dark ages, to make every poor toiler a mere vassal who shall live on in ignorance and squalor and tamely surrendering the proceeds of his labor to satisfy the insatiable greed of the church. That most damnable doctrine of infant damnation was worked upon the poor for many long ages. "Hell," said the priest, "is paved with infants' skulls." And why? Simply to frighten poor mothers to bring their babes to the priests for christening and baptism, at a cost of three to twenty dollars each and in which case their salvation was pronounced secure. Not only all learning fell before the new church, but all art and science as well. What advance has been attained therein has been attained in spite of the church's opposition and they carried their enmity so far as to murder its pioneers on the plea that they were in league with the devil. There should be for the masses no books, no schools, no libraries, no part of their own surplus earnings should be retained by themselves. There

would be no steamboat lines, no railroad trains, no telegraphs, simply marble palaces, in the midst of great parks where sleek priests live in luxury while all the rest of the world is sunk in hopeless degradation and misery—the toiling millions, poor dupes dwelling in hovels of turf with roofs of thatch.

And in exchange for all this extorted wealth what do churches offer? Salvation; that is all! And in the name of God, falsely assuming to be his vicegerents on earth! What unparalleled presumption and blasphemy is this! And when we consider what a great and benign being the creator of the mighty universe must be. Priests know that they are wrong in all this and if there is a hell they shall reach it and perhaps their more intelligent dupes also for permitting themselves to be so grossly misled, rather than those innocent poor whom they deceive and defraud. God must expect men to use some enlightenment and judgment of their own and spurn at open and hellish fraud. Surely it is the greatest crime known to earth to sustain and foster such a monstrous falsity. It is a mere fraudulent work of man and was established by a junta of priests just as some gigantic scheme of robbery is sometimes organized to-day among men. W may as well state the facts plainly and boldly; the councils of Nice and Laodicea were held 350 years after the time Christ is said to have lived; and the books now composing the New Testament were then voted by yea and nay. Many that were offered had a majority against them and were rejected; those that received a majority were accepted, and so became the "word of God." And it is said that one of the four gospels was accepted by a majority of only one voice. Does not this look like human work? And how much of this so-called Scripture

was quoted from or founded upon the Sibylline books, none can ever know; as the early Christians destroyed those books in their diabolical efforts to blot out all the learning of the ancient world. In founding the new religion, its promoters proceeded just as a knot of unscrupulous and heartless men would proceed to-day to organise a fraudulent land or insurance company for mere purposes of deceit and unholy gain. True religion is simply this; that silent monitor of right, which is planted in every true man's heart. Scott's dying admonition to his son Lockhart covers it all. "My son," he said, "be a good man, be honest, be virtuous; nothing else can give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Let us then be honest with ourselves. We will not sustain a fraud, else we could not die in peace.

The new religion was a simple one. I merely claim that man is born a sinner and at enmity with God. This is the doctrine of original sin and infant damnation: the infant could not be saved, as it did not live to take the necessary steps for its own salvation. And what were these steps, pray? To apply to some priest—a self-constituted agent of the mighty—and *pay him for his intercession in its behalf.* Than this could anything be a tithe so wicked, absurd, and blasphemous? What should be thought of an ordinary, honest working or business man of the world, who should set up such a fraudulent claim to an agency of the great Creator, and ruler of this boundless universe? And priests themselves have said that hell is paved with infants' skulls. Surely nothing in all human invention could equal such preposterous arrogance, and the fraud founded upon it is the colossal crime against man and humanity—sinking him in ignorance, superstition, and poverty—and those who set up this

wicked claim, and trade in human souls, and human sorrow, are unparalleled sinners against a just God, and whom he will call to a reckoning in some great day of judgment. They who lead lowly and innocent lives, and tend their flocks on the Grampian hills, have naught to fear, while those who have thus wickedly, and for mere selfish and carnal purposes, robbed the poor, drenched the world in blood, and stayed its rightful progress, have a fearful account to render in the mighty future, where all shall reap as they have sown. Were it not for priestcraft, the poorest man on earth to-day would revel in an intellect like a Plato, or a Newton—live in a marble palace like a king, and science would have unravelled the mystery of the universe and conversed with the inhabitants of other worlds.

It has been well said of all such matters, "let be, if it be a work of man, it will come to naught, but if it be a work of God, nothing can prevail against it;" and which is all true. The planets move on in their orbits and puny man has no power to stay them. But this matter rests on tithes and tithing alone and is a mere money consideration. Keep your own hard earnings. Expend them on your own homes and rightful pleasures and all religions will fall to earth never to rise again. Oh, I well know that its priests and votaries, who profit by the false scheme, will declare it a divine institution and sustain it by many labored arguments. But they must admit it a failure so far as salvation goes; for they cannot show, nor do they pretend to save one in ten thousand, and those few are the weakest of earth's people and at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars each In our own corner of the world they have had a trained army, quartered on the people, and the capital of

the world to back them and all the machinery of churches and organs, sacerdotal robes, baptismal fonts and censers and ceremonies for hundreds of years and no opposition, and yet the believers are few and weak, and one poor man speaking against it for a brief hour shakes the whole monstrous fabrication to its foundation stones. It will not bear discussion nor investigation. Surely a work of God should be made of sterner stuff, and if it were such a work it would be not only impregnable but unassailable. And such a fraud and falsity presumes to discipline honest and decent men.

But let us consider something further, how the church stands on the temperance question. It has always been on the side of strong drink. There is nothing to the temperance question but just this: Each man for himself to make a proper use of all good things, including alcohol, that God and nature have placed within his reach. Total abstinence is intemperance; an excessive use is intemperance. It is the excessive use that is exclaimed against. But few use it to excess and as has been said, that few are generally a low and worthless class who are just as well off and useful to the world when drunk as when sober. And the magnitude of the evil is greatly exaggerated; there are less than ten common drunkards in a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. And what bosh is all this talk about saving these men when there is nothing of worth to save any more than is a digger Indian. No high and lofty nature; no soul; no intellect, and only a bloated and diseased carcass, scarce fit to throw on a dunghill. And yet people, some of them well-meaning, no doubt, would foster and encourage such, assist them to increase and multiply, and thereby curse all the earth as with

a leprosy, while they would stamp out the strong and worthy.

As has been said, it is not excessive drink that makes men low. It is because such are low that they drink to excess. It is a mere matter of bodily appetite and gluttony. Alcohol is one of God's creatures. Like fire and water it is a good thing when rightly used. Many men have been drowned in water, but we do not therefore exclaim against it. And many innocent men and women have been burned to death by fire, especially by priests at the stake, and yet fire is a good thing. God made all these things. He can do no wrong. And alcohol is one of the purest elements of nature. All the ages when fruit ripens in autumn and falls to earth it is there ready at hand for all the living. It is the active principle of all the cereals of earth. The very fact that God has made it is indisputable proof that it is a good and useful thing. The world has never done without it. It never will. What shall we do then? Shall we recognize the fact that it is here and deal with it in a rational manner? Or shall we blindly denounce God's work as an evil and proceed against it by violent and unreasonable means and thereby increase the very evil we assume to combat? The traffic is exempt from taxation; so is the church; then the two are twin-sisters, and all honest industry, in consequence, staggers under a double load, like an Atlas with the world on his shoulders. Solely because of these self-styled temperance reformers there are to-day two hundred drinking places in Nashua and three hundred in Manchester, and all of which could be reduced to twenty or thirty by proper and common-sense legislation. Under prohibition the saloon in Manchester have increased from three to three hundred our-

ing the time the present law has been on the statute books. What a record! And all of this by men who claim to be the apostles of temperance and virtue and pure living. Many of these places are mere kitchen dives, where children are trained up to be drunkards, and all of which could be forever closed by the simple use of a little saving common sense.

But say these people, "no compromise with the devil," "we will not legalize an evil by any recognition of law." And so if the fair garden of our city was choked with noisome weeds and overrun to its utter ruin and they could all be removed but one they would not do it, but rather let all go down to hopeless destruction. But now is it not high time that men of sense, business men, and taxpayers, have something to say in these matters as well as unreasoning fanatics and untaxed churches, whose highest motive in the premises can only be that if the working classes expend less for drink there will be so much the more that churches and priests can filch from them? Such men fight against God and nature and do more to spread the evil of excessive drink than the saloon itself. And among those same men and including the priests there are proportionally far more drinkers than among the common laymen of the world at large. There is little sincerity. It is mere vanity, selfishness, and self-seeking.

Pecuniary considerations influenced their leading men in the late session of the New Hampshire legislature, and they stood ready to receive money from either side or to serve the side that would pay them most. Why is this? And can anyone feel that there is either sincerity or honesty in such a case? But there is warrant in both church and Scripture for dishonesty and

insincerity and chicanery, as well as drunkenness, murder, adultery, incest, and all the catalogue of crime and wrong known to poor and struggling humanity.

There was a grand and general debauch of strong drink at the raising of all churches except a few modern ones. Two barrels of rum was the usual allowance at the raising of a meeting-house about fifty feet square. What would be thought of a man of the world who should use even two gallons at the raising of a barn of twice that size? Two barrels was the quantity used at the raising of the Antrim church, the very town where dwelleth one David who strives to be as great a high priest in the temperance cause as was King David of old in the Christian church, and who would doubtless prove, on investigation, as pure and holy as the king. So that till, just to-day, strong drink was, with the priest and all church people, the great chief nourisher in life. It cheered the mourning hearts at all funerals, it was partaken at all marriages as at Cana, schools closed with rum bought with the winter's ashes, and in all these revelries the minister led off. It was a scheme of great emulation and pride as to who could drink deepest and most, and still walk off with his load, and a glorious victory if the rest were left on the floor under the table. Even since revolutionary days ministers after a day of pastoral calls ofttimes could not find their way home alone.

And our churches are largely built and furnished by money made in the drink traffic, as witness the two Congregational churches in our city. Preachers all drank till very lately, and many of them do now clandestinely. And when, a generation or so ago, the preacher made his pastoral calls if the jug was

empty the boy was despatched posthaste to the deacon's store to have it replenished; for the good pastor was much offended except his parishioners were thus prepared for his entertainment.

At noon of Sundays in my father's day, the deacon's groggery was opened to accommodate the worshippers, the good deacon himself presiding at the bar, and always placing his thumb well down in the tumbler to scrimp the measure. The communion service itself is merely a drink habit, and has probably done as much as any other one thing to initiate both men and women into a vicious appetite.

But the church in those days did not object to the drink traffic w en it was monopolized by themselves and their own deacons. And then and there and by that means was laid the foundation of nearly every modern fortune which has contributed to build the modern palatial church edifices instead of going back to benefit the poor toilers from whom it was wrung. Notice the names emblazoned in such temples! Did they sell strong drink to others? Yea, and sometimes the thing that dieth of itself to aliens, and because they were an holy people to he Lord. They thus established for themselves a lasting name, and at the same time, with a keen eye to all business chances, ameliorated the wrath of God.

A bloated and wicked English king, diabolical as Satan's self, could in his old age, to secure the favor of offended heaven make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and build churches along the way with money which he stole from his poor subjects before he left his home. But my God can see through thi shallow trickery back to his poor, wronged, and toiling sons. And blessed are such poor, for theirs is the kingdom of

heaven. And, Matt. VII: 15, "Beware of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

It is now only that others profit by the traffic that they raise their Ebenezer and make all Rome howl. Taking alcohol into the system, merely as a beverage or a social custom in remembrance of some man or thing, is precisely the same matter in all its results. And ministers and church people who have simply communed regularly, have drank more than the average of the world's honest work people who go quietly about their daily toil. The liquor traffic has degenerated in the last fifty years from the good deacon's grocery store to the present innumerable saloons and kitchen dives; the generation is but just now passing away who were its rich merchants, and whose wealth, so acquired, now builds palatial churches, and founds schools and orphan asylums, cemeteries, libraries and hospitals, and which are named in honor of, and to perpetuate the memory of, the founders. Only yesterday they were the first and most honored men of society. And why? Because they were in and of the church, and the church was a beneficiary of the traffic. But to-day the thing is changed, and who are the agitators in the case? Wife beaters, non-taxpaying vagabonds, and men who desert their own families and cohabit with loose females, and many of whom at the same time are preachers of the "word of God," occupying his pulpits, and breathing out eternal hell to all such honest men as will not be duped and befooled by their damnable heresies; and such unutterable poltroons as send anonymous communications to those who are a million times their betters, and whose only fault must be that

they will not surrender their manhood and honesty, and become like themselves, contemptible fools and hypocrites. Let all such leave me to God, and let none of their priests perform their senseless mummeries over my grave when I die for five or ten dollars apiece.

And now let us suppose that some great reformer, perhaps a captain or president, approaches St. Peter with unbounded self-assurance to enter the heavenly gates. Peter stays him and says: "Stand further back, your breath is most foul." The supposed newcomer is much surprised that he is not known and recognized at a glance, and taken right into Abraham's bosom, introduced to all the dignitaries and hugged by the angels. He expected a great reception. But the regular order of business is not broken. He becomes more respectable. He is ready now to crawl up a long flight of stone steps on his hands and knees to kiss Pope Peter's big toe, and with a ten dollar bill in his hand. And while he had many merits for the other place, the only thing he could show to entitle him to an entrance here, was the fact that for some few dollars and mere silly human vanity, he had objected to the rest of the boys drinking wine in the world below, and this in spite of the fact, well known to Peter, that he always drank himself when he could do so clandestinely, and at other peoples' expense. But Peter shook his head ominously, not regarding this as a sure passport to the heavenly kingdom. "For," he said, "the Master and myself and all of us apostles were common drinkers ourselves." And the poor captain stood without, while a general procession of those passed in whom he had always supposed were bound for eternal hell. And shall we then think that the followers of

Jesus are the drinkers of the land? Surely if they are not they must be few, for nearly all men drink more or less; those who drink not at all are few as those who drink to excess. and it is certainly hard to say which in the present light make the most egregious asses of themselves. Both are to be condemned alike as erratic dolts and fools. The whole matter is to use and abuse; and there are certain inherent, God-given, inalienable personal rights and liberties that stand above all human law. With profound reverence for the great and benign being in whose hand I am, I will think and breathe and drink and eat and sleep as to me seemeth good, and no man shall say me nay.

And the Bible heroes were drinking men, and many of them beastly drunkards. The Scriptures extols wine all through its pages, and their God himself is often represented as speaking its praises.

The vineyard and wine press and its wine are everywhere approvingly alluded to in sacred prose, and parable, and song. "Come to his house of wine." "I've reached the land of corn and wine." See Matt. xxi: 33; Mark ii: 22; Luke v: 39; John ii: 3–10; Eph. v: 18. "Be not drunk with wine" (was this unfermented wine?). I. Tim. v: 23. "Drink no more water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." Gen. xiv: 18. The great high priest of God meets Abraham and gives him wine. Psalms civ: 15. God is praised for bringing forth wine that "maketh glad the heart of man." And the kingdom of heaven itself is poetically represented as the vineyard of the Lord, and these things are made more prominent in "holy writ" than in any other book extant. The men sent to spy out the "Holy Land" found grapes. See Numbers, 13th

chapter,—"And the time was of the first ripe grapes." Twenty-third verse,—"And they came unto the brook called Escol—that is, 'cluste.s of grapes'—and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bear it between two upon a staff." It was a hey-day for priests when the world would shut its eyes and accept anything in scripture, or anything they might choose to utter. But it has come to that now that many people will not believe a matter except it be reasonable, and conform somewhat to the dictates of common sen e. These grapes were Sunday-school grapes, and I still remember how their picture looked in my childhood's d ys, as published in the Sabbath-school books of those times. Two strong men, each with the end of a fence rail on his shoulder, the bunch of grapes suspended at the centre, and reaching to the ground, the rail sagged, and the men bent beneath their load, and one of them, I think, had a pumpkin in his hand, and the other a jug. How the children wondered at those things! A cluster of luscious grapes six feet long, heavy as two men could lug, and each of the grapes as much as six inches in diameter—big as water melons, each of which would ma'e a quart of wine. This was the promised land—the land of wine—the happy land of Canaan, who, it will be remembered, was cursed by his grandfather. Noah, when he, the said Noah, was recovered from a drunk from wine of his own raising, and right immediately after the terrible punishment and destruction of the world for wickedness. The two men who brought these Sunday-school grapes were probably Joshua and Caleb, and all the rest were destroyed who did not find grapes; but these two lived to inherit the conquered land, and one of them was given

all the rich fields and mountain of Hebron. But Joshua himself became the ruler of the people as the successor of Moses. But those grapes, now, come to view them after some experience in the world, and casting aside all prejudice and childish credulity, were not bigger than those of to-day, and I doubt if they were anything more than wild and acrid pigeon grapes, such as grow by our roadsides.

And these spies found "figs and pomegranates"—we do n't know the size of them—not much is said about them. The grape crop was the all-important thing. They do not mention the cereals at all, wheat, rye, oats, barley, and beans; nor do they mention water at all—whether there was any, or whether it was good or otherwise. In their instructions they are not required to. They remind us of a man who was sent West to explore a certain country, and on his return, being inquired of in regard to this natural, delightful, and wholesome beverage, replied: "I declare, I forgot to try the water." And yet water is the first and most important consideration of all to a temperate and honest people in search of a land wherein to make their abode. But these people were bent on conquest and robbery. By command of God they destroyed their armies, stole all their flocks and goods, and murdered all the people *except the virgins*, and the spoils and the virgins were divided, it is related, and the priests received the lion's share of both. The priest's share of the women was 352, and great numbers of sheep, beeves, and asses; and the priests also took as their share of gold 16,750 shekels, with which to buy wine and strong drink, and whatever they might lust for. My book could be filled with these things. But I will append the following at the risk of some repetitions:

Gen. ix: 21. Noah got drunk.

Gen. xix: 33. Lot got drunk.

Numbers xv: 7. For a drink offering give the third part of a hin of wine unto the Lord.

I. Saml. xxv: 36. Nabal was very drunk.

I. Kings xvi: 9. The king of Judah is in Tirza drinking himself drunk in the house of Arza.

I. Kings xx: 16. And they went out at noon, but Ben-hadad was drinking himself drunk in the pavilion, he and the kings—the thirty and two kings that were with him.

Daniel. 5th chapter.

I. Saml. xxx: 16, and on. The Amalekites are drunken, and in that condition are smitten by David, and David thereby recaptures two of his wives.

Deut. xiv: 21. See what God says his priests may do with the meat that dieth, and because they are an holy people; and 26th verse, may turn their tithes into money, and expend that money for strong drink or anything else they may lust after.

Prov. xxxi: 6. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart.

See Matt. xxiv. 49. To eat and drink with the drunken.

See Luke xii: 45. Same words as above.

Cor. vi: 10. Drunkards cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

Gal. v: 21. Drunkenness is mentioned.

Lev. x: 8. Priests are forbidden wine and strong drink only when they enter the sanctuary, *i. e.*, not to enter there drunk.

But let us not think that the common people of those times drank such wines as our costly sherries and Bordeaux, but

rather a comparatively poor stuff for the most part, not superior to our old farmer's hard cider. A false glamour is thrown over everything of a Scripture nature. The masses were poor and lived in squalor, their priests taking all the fat of the land to themselves. None could read or write. All were molded in priestly hands, so that the Alexanders and Cæsars of all times could marshal the whole unthinking world in arms, like a mere machine, to battle for some one's mere personal ambition. They were indolent in nature, and beastly in appetite; their homes from Dan to Beersheba were mere hovels of one room, with earthen floors, wherein dwelt the ox, the ass, the goat, the camel, and all the people, as one happy and united family. It was crawling with vermin and suffocating with stench; the children tumbled about the door, dirty beyond recognition; within some skins contained water. And what is this plastered all over the sunny side of the house? There is no wood in the land, and the busy housewife scoops up the droppings of all, sticks them on the wall, there to dry for fuel wherewith to bake her bread, and God himself, in one place in the *holy Scripture*, expressly commands that bread be baked with dung that come h out of man. Such were the general homes of Jericho, Samaria, and Nazareth, and those of the nomadic tribes of Araby the blest were but little better. The human visage was dark, savage, and vicious. About the only good and useful and peaceful thing recorded of them is that one time "Jacob digged a well."

I have often thought of a family in a neighboring town, whose doctor said were washed when they were born, but were never washed afterwards. But these people were never washed, except they got caught out in the rain or by some accident fell into a brook.

Noah got drunk; and in consequence becoming offended at Ham, cursed Canaan, Ham's innocent son. "A servant of servants shalt thou be," said Noah; and the church has argued that these descendants peopled Africa, and therefore the African by divine mandate was a slave, and so justified the African slave trade, and African slavery in America, with all its sin and gross immorality. and blood, and tears, and endless sorrows. What a beautiful Christian spirit! Lot got drunk, and therein is related the most obscene and disgusting story of incest that was ever published in any book or any language, and be tolerated in even a half-civilized community. I am well aware that pastors have of late begun to preach that the wine of Scripture was an unfermented wine. But it seems that these good and eminently holy men could get drunk on it in the most royal manner; and how can any man have the hardihood to argue, in the face of all this, that the wine of Scripture was unfermented and unintoxicating? But priests can do anything. But I say that no honest man can teach that this was an unfermented wine.

When the disciples were acting strangely at one time, when the Holy Ghost was round, some said they were drunk, but other bystanders said it could not be, because it was so early in the day. Does this language show that the wine was unfermented? Surely it does not. There was no such thing known as an unfermented wine in those old days, and there is no such th ng to-day; for wine, like cider, is in itself a fermented liquor; until it is fermented it is not a wine. Nobody ever wanted any other kind. It is the alcoholic element that men seek in such beverages. There could be no use nor desire for

any others. The wine that Alexander drank and the Caesars and all other people of those days, was certainly intoxicating. And this was the kind of wine which Jesus is said to have miraculously made at the Cana marriage feast, to be passed round among the revellers. It was the kind of wine that Paul said take for your stomach's sake and drink no more water. Jesus is always represented at table, glass in hand, and all his disciples drinking with him. And at the last supper he expressly enjoins the custom upon all his followers,—"This do in remembrance of me; drink ye all of it." And not content with earthly tippling, he proposes to drink with them in heaven, in the very presence of the Father and around the great white throne itself. Matth. xxvi : 29.—"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine till I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." Mark xiv : 23–25,—"And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them and they all drank of it. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God." Luke xxii : 30,—"That ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

And King David made Uriah drunk when plotting his destruction in order to steal his wife Bathsheba. See II. Sam. xi : 13,—"And when David had called him, he did eat and drink before him, and he made him drunk."

But let us, pray, be gulled no more by such gay and unscrupulous deceivers. Their aim has always been that all the world should be mere dolts in their hands; all their pretentions as to being the servants of God and dispensing salvation are the

sherest blasphemy; they have nothing more to do with it than an Egyptian sphinx or any other one of the hundred thousand gods with which priests have frightened and fooled and plundered earth's people through all ages.

Nature aims at perfect results in all her works. By her method the leper and drunkard die without issue. By church methods the weak are fostered and the strong driven from the earth. None must live who are bright enough or independent or courageous enough to question them or their methods. I do not condemn wine. I dare not, as it is one of God's benign creations, and none can dispute that it has been the pioneer of civilization. Her empty flagons mark the course and bestrew all the wayside; the only matter is simply a temperate use. Some have abused nature's bounties in many ways and been gluttonous; but this is no argument that other shall not rationally enjoy the good things of life. No one supposes that Jesus Christ was an excessive drinker. Nearly all nature's true noblemen have enjoyed their wine; and by her wise methods have been produced such as Alexander, Peter the Great, Cæsar, Antony, Shakespeare, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Matthew Thornton, Longfellow, Whittier, Webster, Clay, Goethe, Darwin, Napoleon, Franklin, Pitt, and all such noble specimens of our race, whose intellects were high and undying as the stars and brilliant as the sun at noonday. Surely nature should take her course in rearing men and if it needs a little wine for such as them it should be recommended to all. And if nature can raise Bismarcks and such people as the Germans on lager beer, then the good old dame should not putter round on more milk and water foods, fallow cows and old setting hens. Let men

drink if they choose and suffer nature's dire penalty if they drink to excess but, God be praised, no amount of strong drink will ever develop a race of idle and egotistical hypocrites and meddlesome cranks, the machinery of whose rude brains can be heard eternally clicking on like grandfather's old clock in distress. No one pretends to say that the rich shall not have their wine. All this pother is addressed to the poor—the toilers, the honest, the unseen, the unheard lowly ; they are the salt of the earth; they are the body politic ; they constitute the state ; they bear and forbear with wondrous patience, but molest them too far and they will show you your place with a damn.

Oh, but the only objection the church raises to such men is that they were too intelligent and too honest and bold to subscribe to the fabulous doctrine of a false religion. Such men could not be priests without surrendering their honesty and their manhood and that no true man can ever do ; and all these and all other great unbiased minds have been alike and thought alike on all religious matters.

"I believe in one God the creator of the universe ; that He governs it by His providence ; that He ought to be worshipped ; that the most acceptable service we render Him, is doing good to His oth r children ; that the soul of man is immortal and that it will be treated with justice in another world respecting its conduct in this."—Thomas Jefferson.

"Everything proclaims the existence of a God ; that cannot be questioned ; but all religions are evidently the work of men. Why are there so many? Why has ours not always existed? Why does it consider itself exclusively the right one? What becomes in that case of all the virtuous men who have gone

before us? Why do these religions oppose and exterminate each other? Why has this been the case ever and everywhere? Because men are ever men. Because priests have ever and everywhere introduced fraud and falsehood."—Napoleon Bonaparte.

"I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."—Thomas Paine.

With them it was a mere question of honesty and common sense and nothing else. Simply "be still and know that I am God." It is resignation and patience to endure and await the unknown will and end. Oh, I could not die in peace if I had, even passively, sustained a monstrous religious falsity, whereby men are plundered as to the present and most egregiously deceived as to the future. Let all good men now cease to foster a gigantic fraud, and it will fall to earth never more to rise.

And now let us use a little common sense in religion as well as in the ordinary affairs of life. A great battle is on; it is not one of our seeking; it is forced upon us. It is a battle between right and wrong, mere human probity and gigantic fraud and falsity. The contest should be on some fair and equal field of battle; we will abide the issue, and will see to it that the church's mouth shall be as bloody as her hands are, and when the battle is joined we propose to quit ourselves with some spirit. We cross the Rubicon; we burn the bridge behind us, and, like Hannibal of old, swear eternal hate to Rome.

And now if any class of people are frauds and hypocrites themselves, they certainly should not persecute better men, and

men who are engaged in vastly more honest callings, on the ground that they are bad men, less holy than said hypocrites, and therefore unfit to live on the earth where God has placed them. Honest, unbiased, thinking men admit that all religions are frauds, imposed on the world for the wicked purpose of wringing from the toiling millions their hard earnings and giving them nothing therefor in return. They claim simply to give salvation; but if one really stands in need of salvation it must be a gift from God, and all should look to him for it, and to no one else. The world has long been run on the principle that sins could be forgiven by priests for so much apiece in ready cash, but we, simply ignoring all this, stand calmly in God's great hand and await his will. This is true faith and confidence and all such as have souls to save need have no fear.

In all this the church seemingly monopolize the face of God so that none others may approach, and from this standpoint offer salvation to the world. From the Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ and by means of the Holy Ghost, and the fact that we may blaspheme all others except the said Holy Ghost and be forgiven therefor, would seem to show that the said Ghost was the most important of the three personages in the Godhead. And it being a matter of such import, shall we not inquire into the nature and personage of this Ghost? There is no creature, either real or imaginary, that the ignorant have been taught to fear so generally and with so deep a dread as ghosts. In this they stand as a dangerous rival to hell itself.

A priest, with a broomstick to increase his height, with a sheet thrown over all, could present himself in a cemetery, in

some gloomy night, where being observed by some fearful soul and by them noised to others, so fright the whole world, if they grew lax to him and the sanctuary, when, after such public fright, he could preach the word and gather up the tithes with great pith and unction.

But this was a mere plain ghost, and has driven fear and quaking to weak women, men, and children of all ages. It was represented to be the spirit of the dead, returned to earth and groping among old bones. The idea of the ghost in the mind of the multitudes was a mere frightful imagination, a dreadful bodement which could not be looked upon, much less investigated. But if somebody could have mustered up the courage to strike at it with his partisan, the whole fraud would be laid bare in an instant. No courageous intelligent man ever believed for a moment in their reality. The world has scarcely yet got done quaking over ghosts. But in more superstitious ages than this, when this ghostly dread was at its height, then the Holy Ghost was introduced upon the scene. This proves to be the same ghost but with a different purpose, the other was a mere pecuniary ghost.

In those ages, priests so controlled the world that they bent everything to their own worldly good and carnal pleasure, Deriving their idea from the vestal virgins, virgins of these times were taught to believe it a religious duty to consecrate themselves to the "Holy Ghost" by passing the night on thrones or couches within the priestly precincts, and there were visited by this dread phantom which now became a living reality. The "Holy Ghost" glided in to them in dim light and clad in white and flowing robes. Now these "Holy Ghosts"

were simply priests who resorted to these diabolical means to gratify their carnal desires. The "Holy Ghost" of Scripture was simply a male one who performed the act of copulation. He is called the "comforter;" is represented as "overshadowing;" as the father; the generator of life; the "creator."

So then the Father and the Holy Ghost and the Comforter are one and the same, as I shall show by Scripture quotations by and by. And now if any doubt that the priest was the "Holy Ghost" and the "Father," too, we have simply to consider that the said ghost and the comforter were one and the same, and if we can show conclusively what the comforter was, we shall then have knowledge of the Holy Ghost himself. I know that in this investigation I am doing the very blasphemy that priests dread and against which they have pronounced their heaviest curse. It shall not be forgiven, not even through the blood of Jesus. And that curse was pronounced for the purpose of fighting off just such exposures as this.

Then what is the comforter of scripture? In II. Samuel. XII: 24, we read,—"And David comforted Bathsheba, his wife," the stolen wife of the cruelly betrayed and murdered Uriah, "and went in unto her and lay with her, and she bare a son and called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him." "He comforted her," that is he dealt with her in such a manner that she bare a son. It was the mere act of sexual copulation; and in this instance the great high priest, King David, was the Comforter and the Holy Ghost which is the same thing, and the Father also. We see here very plainly how two can be one if not three. And so we here see by Scripture authority itself what the comforter was, and just such were the "Holy Ghosts" of all times.

Jupiter, the mightiest god of the Roman world, became a bull for the love of Europa, and for the love of Leda became a goose, and these priestly fathers and comforters, for their lust and concupiscence, became gliding ghosts, and such holy ones that must not be blasphemed.

In all cases the Holy Ghost of Scripture relates to the copulative and regenerative and physical powers. Acts IX: 31, "And in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied." Luke I: 35, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee," etc., "and overshadow thee," etc., causing conception. Matt. I: 18, "She," that is the Virgin Mary, "was found with child of the Holy Ghost."

In the story of Ananias (Acts v), it is plain that the Holy Ghost was a priest. These innocent people having been misled to sell their land and give the proceeds to Peter, and then repenting themselves and keeping back a part, Peter reproves them for lying to the Holy Ghost, that is, to himself. Priests were evidently as grasping in those days as in later times Nothing less than the whole would do. And the holy ghosts were the priests of those times who in great apparent holy zeal decreed for themselves celibacy, they being "married to the church," they said. And so the Virgin Mary was visited by the holy ghost or comforter, and was with child. But we have all read this silly and utterly obscene story. And so Jesus was brought into the world if there is any truth in Scripture. Now by the first chapter of Matthew Mary was descended from King David by the wife of the murdered Uriah. What a parentage was this! And Jesus was born out of wedlock, Mary having been overshadowed, as saith the Scripture, by the

Holy Ghost, who must have been no other than some now long-forgotten priest.

And now they call this most nauseating and disgusting career of adultery and debauch a great scheme of salvation, and its results the immaculate conception. And some decent men and women shut their eyes and pretend to believe it all, and treat it with reverence, whereas it is simply a tale of bastardy of the most sensual and grossest possible nature.

But let us see: the Holy Ghost is God, the Father, the very God who wrote on the stone "thou shalt not commit adultery," and yet he himself disregarding his own precept adulterates with the Virgin Mary, and was the father of Jesus Christ, else there is no truth in Scripture, and all religions founded on it must be frauds and falsities: thus this God breaks his own command and is a hypocrite of the deepest dye. And surely, if this God himself is a fraud and hypocrite, then his priests and followers may well be. Streams do not rise above their fountain head. And surely, it must be admitted that his votaries follow him very closely in these respects. But this God directly commands his priests to do all these things. See Deuteronomy XIV: 21–27. Note what God says in relation to the thing that dieth of itself. What would be thought of a man of the world, who could be guilty of such meanness? And also note that the priests are to tithe the land—that is take a tenth—and that they may sell it and having turned it into money, buy therewith strong drink, or whatsoever thing they may *lust after*. Verily of all gods, this is the worst one ever invented by wicked men. But all history showeth that his priests and votaries have not been slow to follow this injunction. And right, and proper, it is that

such Gods and such men should reform themselves before they undertake the reformation of others. Verily there are two sides to all questions. Let those who have so long posed as our superiors in all moral things, cease their duplicity and licentiousness. We abide now the arbitrament of swords, and all true manhood, and virtue, must approve itself on the field of battle. Very many men rationally believe that there was such a man as Jesus Christ, and that he was a good man. His followers are called Christians—that is those who pattern their lives after his. But none need to belong to a church to do this; there are, and have always been, vastly more and better Christians outside the church than in it. All good and true men in this sense, are such *followers*, even though they may have lived before his time, and manufactured, distributed, and imbibed strong drink. Indeed, a man must do all three of these things to be a strict disciple and follower of him. For such is his record, and that of his disciples as recorded in so-called holy writ: they were common drinkers and are always represented with the cup, but especially at the last supper, when all, cup in hand, were specially enjoined by the Master and their successors, to drink forever to his remembrance. And his church ever since have observed the custom much more faithfully than they have kept some of the ten commands in which matter, as we have seen, God himself did sometime lapse. But what unspeakable folly is all this human trash which it is wished we should accept as true religion! And such Gods! In order to accept it, one must sink all reason, all judgment, all independent thought and manhood. Surely all thinking men must now cease to sustain such a monstrosity and give no more to their insatiable coffers.

If there is one thing that men should note in the character of Jesus Christ it is his human side. He loved Mary and Martha and had many human weaknesses, and gave way to them like other men. He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. He was vexed at the barren fig tree, cursed it that it withered away. Matt. XXI: 18–19. This looks like a fit of passion, and a very silly one. Few men of to-day are so weak as to do the thing therein related. Although in Matt. XIX: 18, he insists that one to be saved must not commit adultery, yet he says to one caught in the very act, "neither do I condemn thee." And all her great company of accusers had gone out, because each of them was guilty of the same thing which they accused her of, and for which, probably led on by some frothy brained and spurious captain, whose stinking breath would infect to the north star, they were ready to stone her to her death. Surely this seems like modern times and modern methods. And as showing how few are saved, there was not one of all this company who, by their own religion, were not damned to be stoned and to eternal hell; and to the malefactors who were executed with him he said: "This night shalt thou be with me in paradise." So, it would seem that there is a fair chance for others, besides those who go about the world wearing a false air of piety, and with a face as sanctimonious as the Holy Ghost himself. All that is worth saving will be saved; the fragments will be gathered up and nothing lost. And surely if Jesus himself is saved, all drinkers may be, and sellers and manufacturers as well. So I say unto you hypocrites, you must not be too fast in judging your fellow-men. We must not take God's work into our own weak hands. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; for when we strike

one, thinking him in error and in need of correction, it is apt to prove that we ourselves are more in error than him we chastise. Charity is the great virtue; moderation is the only safety; and all violence must be forever left aside. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice,' saith Jesus, while his false and pretentious followers are all seemingly for sacrifice and no mercy.

Well, now may we ask what common-sense men think about the Holy Ghost? The explanation which I have given is borne out not only by the internal evidence of the Scripture itself, but by authentic and indisputable facts of history as well. By this same Holy Ghost process, too, of the popes of Rome were the bastard sons of former popes.

Can any one believe that there was anything supernatural in the conception of Jesus Christ, or miraculous, as the Scripture claims? Now, if there is not, then the Scriptures are false, and the religion formed on the silly tale a falsity and fraud. Now, reader, do you believe in the miraculous birth of Jesus? Can you think for a moment that he was conceived in any other than the natural and good old-fashioned way accorded by the Almighty to all living things? A divinely mysterious scheme of propagation ordained by an all-wise God, and which must be right and perfect because it is a work of God and nature. It is not claimed that this great law was ever broken in any other instance. No reason can be shown why it need be broken in this instance. The Jews all denied it and disbelieved it; those who pretend to believe it cannot number one in a thousand to those who have denied it and disbelieved it.

What would be thought to-day of one in Mary's condition who should claim that it was some mere spectre that she had

met with? Would not all reasoning men and women, at least, suspect something? I certainly should more than suspect—I should know, and one poor pennyworth of my own honest judgment in such a matter would far more than outweigh all the Scriptural or other evidence that was ever offered in favor of this disgusting and adulterous tale.

There is no known objection to the present method. No one desires a change. It is God's own immaculate work. Surely it has had the test of long experience and stands the trial well. Oh, you cunning and designing priests! There are two horns to the dilemma in which you are placed. If you believe this obscene and silly story, you are a fool; if you do not believe it, then you are a fraud and a hypocrite of the deepest dye. If you pause to investigate you must see that you preach a thing which will not stand in the light of reason. In these matters, as in all else, the injunction is simply, let all things be done decently and in order. The weakest phase of human nature is the susceptibility to fear of ghosts and supernatural maginings. These fears abide with the ignorant; with the enlightened they take to themselves wings and fly away. And it is upon these superstitious fears that priests of all ages have practised their knaveries and frauds, their heartless tithings and bloody butcheries.

Churches thrive on ignorance and superstition alone, and foster these things because they are their very life and without which the whole monstrous fabrication would fall in endless ruin. The church, therefore, strove to retard the march of civilization. When it first laid its ruthless hand on the world it extinguished all art, and science, and learning, so plunging the world in the darkness of the middle ages. The more ignorant

the masses, the more easily were they duped, and the more readily the priest wrung from them the firstlings of their flock and their first fruits. The people were trained to this thing, and missionaries sent out to reduce other peoples to the same abject state of mental thraldom. And the chains that bound them were strong as the iron shackles of human bondage. The human mind, when left to itself, uses judgment and reason, and that Indian chief who took hold of a button on Cotton Mather's coat and said, "I do not care any more for the Christian religion than I do for that button," was right, and a thousand times nearer heaven and nearer the footsteps of Jesus than Mather himself, who burned people at the stake because they would not believe a monstrous falsity, and whose highest motive in all his dealings with the native sons of the soil, was that he might buy from them the whole state of Rhode Island for an old grindstone.

And strenuous efforts were made by priests to throw about the Holy Ghost an air of awe, such that their dupes should scarce dare pronounce his name, lest possibly some daring John Hampden or Tom Paine might inquire into his true nature, and thus laying bare this whole licentious fraud and adulterous tale of illicit cohabitation, and to this end it was written that all blasphemy should be forgiven men, except that against the Holy Ghost. Math. XII : 31–32 ; Mark III : 28–29 ; Luke XII : 10. Oh, but language fails us here! This very Holy Ghost is God himself, who had written, "thou shall not commit adultery," and now is caught in the very act, and becomes the father of Jesus Christ! And it is the truth of history, that his pretentious servants have ever sinned in these things more than the ordinary laymen of

the world. All gods that have been invented by men have been monsters of iniquity and sin, and both they and their followers steeped in simony, sodomy, incest, robbery, murder, deceit, hypocrisy and nameless crimes that well might poison, and rather than which all thinking men would turn to the vomit of a dog. As showing how all the details of the new religion sprang from the old, it is important to note that it was scarcely a half step from the vestal virgins to the silly tale of the virgin Mary. The vestal virgins were appointed by the priests, and were shown many public favors and honors; they must be perfect physically; they were sworn to chastity; were to be buried alive if they lapsed; the truth is, they were devoted to the unholy purposes of the priests and did lapse besides at times. Catiline among his other crimes was accused of tampering with them and caught *in flagrante delicto*: and priests have been ever fond to quote the passage which saith, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the grain." And so the Nazarene was born out of wedlock, and was a child of priestly concupiscence and lust. But this is nothing against him as a man—no fault of his. Very many of earth's best and brightest children were so born, both of old and modern times, and such things can never be laid up against true men in heaven. And his father was, by the Scripture account, the very God who wrote on the stone, "thou shalt not commit adultery;" and here he is seen himself, guilty of the grossest adultery of all history. Is not this hypocrisy in God himself? Is not this prescribing one thing and practising another? Is it not double dealing? Is it not duplicity? Did ever man or beast stoop to a lower depth than this is? But we leave it here; language fails us; it cannot compass this mon-

strosity. But this God was a Jew, dark—bloody—murderous—beastly—ignorant. David was a specimen; they were national robbers. Can anybody mention a good thing they ever did? Can anybody mention a bad thing they did not do? They never built a road or a ship nor a wagon, never invented anything, never established a school of art or science or ethics, or founded a library—never reclaimed or improved the land as did our Pilgrim fathers, but instead by order of their God, stole that of others, and put the rightful owners to the sword.

Brigham Young's church was founded precisely on that of the old Jews; and if the bible is right, he was right. He tithed the people faithfully. He had a plurality of wives—some eighteen I think and some fifty-seven children. In this he was not quite up to the highest pitch of bible standard. He was the father and giving to him was giving to the lord. If a thing is once right and is a work of good it is always right and ever-enduring. But this institution, though strictly modelled after the bible precedent, was declared all wrong, especially in its polygamous tenets, and was crushed out by the general government as inimical to the civilization of the nineteenth century. What a travesty is this on the only true God and his blessed religion. The God that created and rules and owns in his own right and unincumbered all the mighty universe does not desire, much less need, the washerwoman's petty earnings at the tub. Even the dogs of our streets know better than this. It is a mere scheme of human tithing for the aggrandizement of the few at the expense of the impoverishment, ignorance, and superstition of the many. And by the same schemers the Virgin Mary and thousands of others became fornicatresses, deceived thereto by

being taught that it was a religious duty. But such fornicatresses or even prostitutes will make brighter angels in the days to come than their deceivers can ever be; and even the lowest prostitute is an angel already by comparison with such hypocrites as have in all ages gone shouting through the world and holding up their hands in holy horror for five dollars a day. And how oft they quote that bible saying, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the grain." O priests, priests, you rhyme with beasts, and are willing to be compared to them for the sake of gain, and the simile is a good one, for you feed off the body politic like fat and fallow cattle in rich pasturage. Workingmen, when you cease to support them your own now grievous burdens will be by that much decreased, nor should any maintain such a monstrous wrong in order that some doubtful good may come. Let us strike down all fraud and wrong wherever and under whatever specious guise they may appear. Let us strike for right without regard for fear or consequences.

We have already seen something of what a monster was King David, and that such a man who would infect the globe, stands at the very head of the church and is represented as the father of Jesus. His family relations, such as we get a glimpse of in the thirteenth chapter of second Samuel, indicate the man to a certain extent. Think of it, a book containing such rot as this, is pestilential garbage—in volumes of luxurious bindings and golden clasps—a mere thought of which, like a breeze from tophet, would make all honest men sick and dogs to heave their gorge; such a book, much less such a man, would not be tolerated in Dahomey nor the scullery of hell, and yet such a book is said to be the inspired word of God, and such a man is the

father of the church—its very head and patron saint—David, well-beloved, multitudes of men named for him and his portrait lifted above all in the costly stained church and cathedral windows of the wide world. The fraud is so gigantic, is pressed so boldly and is so near at hand that people do not look upon it.

The Jews were self-styled the "Chosen of God." None of the other contemporary nations ever thought so, and no thinking man to-day can see why they should be the "peculiar people of God" in preference to any others and better peoples. Of course the king and priests lived well and for the most part could read and write, being taught down in Egypt. But as a nation they were poor, drunken, indolent, thriftless, filthy; they were verminous; they were scurvy; they were leprous, and they were afflicted with venereal diseases of the most loathed and sickening character. They kept their strong drink in skins called bottles; they did not possess either the ingenuity or industry to manufacture crockery or earthen ware. All kinds of furniture were scarce with them; destitution reigned supreme; what few utensils they possessed were secured of the Egyptians and other neighboring nations. Even the new testament was published in Greek, and the old bible was written on Egyptian papyrus scrolls and by Egyptian scribes or some favored son who was educated there at the public charge. It is said that King David wrote psalms; but we consider how impossible it was that such a coarse and gross and murderous creature could ever in his own mind originate the sentiments of the xxiii Psalm We do know, however, how he won battles, and how he captured Rabbah. And so he wrote poems just as all great kings do all great things; they employ others to do them, and pay them in cash wrung from the innocent lowly.

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The venereal diseases of the Jews are described in the xv chapter of Leviticus, and by the xxxviii Psalm, it appears that the king was diseased with syphilis and rotten to the very marrow of his bones. Dr. Clarke says in his great medical treatise,—"It is most likely that that psalm was written in reference to some severe affliction that David had, after his illicit commerce with Bathsheba; but of what nature we are left to conjecture from the 3d, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses." The psalm is dated not quite a year after that event—about the time for the terrible symptoms, David describes, to make their appearance. The king was an insatiable debauchee, and at this time his face must have been a most terrible sight to behold—black—swollen—ulcerated, and no single patch of clean and wholesome skin on his whole diseased and putrid body; and if there is anything distinct in nature, it is that the spirit that dwells in a temple is like the temple itself. Could such a horror write psalms? Possibly the xxxviii; surely if any man were qualified to produce a poem on venereal pox and syphilis, as saith Nathan unto David, "thou art the man." And this wicked, diseased, and bloated king and great high priest, a great preacher of morals for others, and would hang another man for simply stealing a little sheep. Oh, it is a great fact of both ancient and modern times the more putrid men are themselves, and women, too, the more they accuse their innocent neighbors; and it is always a simple matter to show that the traduced are angels incarnate beside their traducers, and if they were not they were neither fit for hell nor heaven. For even in hell they would stick like flies in the apothecary's ointment. All history cannot show us such another monstrosity as was this old Jewish king both mentally, morally, and physically, and yet

scripture saith God loved him, and this must have meant him and all his doings. And when the plotters of the new religion looked about them to invent a noble and royal pedigree for Jesus, whom they had now found it necessary to deify, and therefore he must have not only a miraculous but a highly distinguished earthly descent, they adopted this monumental paragon of spiritual and carnal corruption as the father of the son of God, thus making him God himself. People who choose to blind their eyes, and either believe or pretend to believe such absurd falsities, may do so, but they who force or foist them upon the young and the ignorant and unthinking, are guilty of the grossest sin. I do not believe, because I cannot believe, such open and manifest falsity. They would have us to think that broad noonday is pitchy darkness, and that Erebus is the glorious, universal, and all-beneficent sunshine. No intelligent honest man who considers these facts unbiasedly can believe such nonsensical and wicked and blasphemous trash nor countenance it even by his presence in the place where it is taught.

But I will close. Let none fear for the future so long as he shall do the right as God gives him to see the right. About the future we know naught; our maker has not told us; but we know all that any man can know. We may think, but we do not know. It is not meant we should. There is doubt and also in the minds of all great souls, resignation to God's will. On the monument of the great Huxley are inscribed these words,—

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 't is rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep!
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best."

And yet from such great minds it crops out everywhere that there is life ahead,—

> "Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There 's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

And it certainly doth seem that great and good souls should live on and round out a glorious career. If there is no future, then is life a mere useless and idle dream where one great sorrow shall far outweigh the pleasure of it all—where they who think are sad and the thoughtless only are gay—those who live like butterflies without even daring to look upon life—and wherein those who are never born from universal oblivion and vacuity are to be envied a thousand times above either. Life at its best is not an even thing. Its pleasures do not equal its sorrows. Perhaps it would not be so if men were more rational in the economical affairs of life and lived like lions and eagles strictly as an all-wise God and kindly nature meant. There might then be an even tenor, joy and sorrow, equipoised, with no excess of either. Dying so one would be at quits with nature. But now he dies with his sorrows in great excess, and in justice joy is due him on the other side. But it must be admitted that man has committed many errors and excesses. He has inadvertently fostered and preferred the leper. He has from mere carnal desires gratified and cultivated his sensual appetites up to an

enormous development. He has eaten all he could; he has drunk all he could through all his generations till now he lives too much by gross meat and drink, instead of mostly if not wholly on the pure, thin ether, of heaven; and one so bred on such pure elements must excel like angels, as those too grossly fed do sink below the brutes of earth—both in their moral and physical natures. Such find no delight in pure and wholesome reverie, nor pleasure in the imagination; their minds are dark and blank; they are dull bodies without souls; a mined and tenantless temple, where the spirit that should glorify it has taken its flight forever, for good spirits will not tarry in uncongenial places. But when there is a goodly temple goodly spirits will strive to dwell there, as all good men would desire their abode in the goodly temples of earth or strive for the glories of heaven.